



Psal. 137. 3.

*In conspectu Angelorum psallam tibi et adorabo
ad Templum sanctum tuum.*



Psal. 137. 3.

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ad Templum sanctum tuum.*

STEPS
TO THE
TEMPLE,
THE
DELIGHTS
OF THE
MUSES,
AND
CARMEN
DEO NOSTRO.

By *Ric. Crasshaw*, sometimes Fellow of *Pembroke Hall*, and Fellow of *St. Peters Colledge* in *Cambridge*.

The Third Edition.

LONDON,
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Francis Saunders, and *Tho. Bennet*.

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F. F. M. N.

Angl. Londini.

M I S E S

CARMEN

DEONOSTRO

By the Council, formerly known as the
Council of the University of London

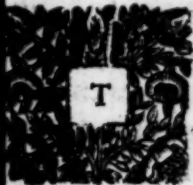
The University of London

L O N D O N

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THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.

Learned Reader,

 *He Authors friend will not usurp much upon thy Eye; this is only for those, whom the name of our Divine Poet hath not yet seised into admiration, I dare undertake, that what Jamblicus (in vita Pythagoræ) affirmeth of his Master, at his Contemplations, these Poems can, viz. They shalt lift thee Reader, some wards above the ground; and, as in*
A 2 Pytha-

The Preface

Pythagoras School, every temper was first tuned into a height by several proportions of Musick, and spiritualiz'd for one of his mighty Lectures; so mayst thou take a Poem hence, and tune thy soul by it into a Heavenly pitch and thus refined and born up upon the wings of Meditation, in these Poems thou maist talk freely of God, and of that other state.

Here's Herbert's second, but equal in who hath retriev'd Poetry of late, and return'd it up to its Primitive use; Let it bound back to Heaven Gates, whence sin it came. Think ye St Augustine would have steyned his graver Learning with a book of Poetry, had he fancied the Poet's dearest end to be the vanity of Love's Sonnets, and Epithalamiums? No, no, he thought with this our Poet, that every foot in a high-born Verse, might help to measure the soul into that better world.

to the Reader.

ro world: Divine Poetry; I dare hold
out, in position against Suarez on the sub-
ject, to be the Language of the Angels;
and it is the Quintessence of Phantasie and
his discourse center'd in Heaven; 'tis the
the very outgoings of the soul; 'tis what
alone our Author is able to tell you, and
that in his own Verse.

It were profane but to mention here
in the Preface those under-headed Po-
ets, Retainers to Seven shares and a
half; Madrigal fellows, whose only bu-
siness in Verse, is to rime a poor Six-
penny Soul, a Subburb sinner into Hell;
— May such arrogant pretenders to
Poetry vanish, with their prodigious
issue of tumorous heats and flashes of
their adulterate Brains, and for ever
after, may this our Poet fill up the bet-
ter room of man. Ob! when the ge-
neral arraignment of Poets shall be, to
give an account of their higher souls;

The Preface

with what a triumphant brow shall our
Divine Poet sit above and look down
upon poor Homer, Virgil, Horace
Claudian, &c. who had amongst
them the ill luck to talk out a great
part of their gallant Genius upon Bees
Dung, Frogs, and Gnats, &c. and
not as himself here, upon Scriptures
Divine Graces, Martyrs and An-
gels.

Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems
Steps to the Temple, and aptly, for
in the Temple of God, under his wing
he led his life in S. Maries Church near
St. Peter's Colledge; there he lodged
under Tertullian's roof of Angels
there he made his Nest more gladly
then David's Swallow neer the House
of God: where like a Primitive Saint
he offered more Prayers in the night
then others usually offer in the day
there he penned these Poems, Step
for

for happy Souls to climb Heaven
by.

And those other of his pieces, intituled, *The Delights of the Muses*, (though of a more Humane mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent.

The praises that follow are but few of many that might be conferr'd on him, he was excellent in Five Languages. (besides his Mother-Tongue) viz. Hebrew, Greek, Latine, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little help in, they were of his own acquisition.

Amongst his other accomplishments in Academick (as well Pious as Harmless) Arts, he made his skill in Poetry, Musick, Drawing, Limning, Graving, (exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy) to be but his subservient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul.

To the former Qualifications I might
add that which would secure them all;
his rare moderation in Diet, (strong
Lifestyle Temperance) his temperate
a Miso-dose of distempers; nor (with
our Canary Scriblers) cast any strange
fits of Surfers before the intellectual
beams of his Mind or Memory, the
latter of which he was so much a mas-
ter of, that he had there under Lock
and Key in readiness, the richest Treas-
ures of the best Greek and Latine
Poets, some of which Authors he had
more at his command by heart, then
others that only read their Works, to re-
tain little, and understand less.

Enough Reader, I intend not a vo-
lume of praises, larger then this Book,
nor need I longer transport thee to
think over his vast perfections, I will
conclude all that I have impartially
said of this Learned young Gentleman

(and

(now dead to us) as he himself doth,
with the last Line of his Poem upon
Bisbop Andrews's Picture before his
Sermons.

Verte paginas.

—Look on his following Leaves and let him breathe.

The Author's Motto.

Give Jesus, Live, and let it be
My life to give for love of thee.

The

The Authors Motto.

Live Jesus, Live, and let it be
My life to dye for love of thee.

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Dactylopsila, a new genus, containing one species, *Dactylopsila* *sp.*

1. *Leaves* 1207
 2. *Leaves* 1207

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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173

Chapman, R. M. (1970) *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 63, 117-118.

Sancti Marci de coloris aijam sijnaz

271 q

The Hymn of St Thomas, in relation of the subject

1.193

[Faint, illegible text]

James O. Glavin, Director

The flaming heart, upon the Deck and Tides of Sea.

7.120

1917

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Alexis: 2nd complaint of the foot and wrist of 2 years

Alaska, The Fish and Game Commission

[Faint, illegible handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]

10-11-1941

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100

The Weeper.



All Sister Springs,
Parents of Silver-forded rills!
Ever bubbling things!
Thawing Chrystal! Snowy Hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair Eyes sweet *Magdalen*.

2 Heavens thy fair Eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling stars,
Tis seed-time still with thee,
And Stars thou sowst whose Harvest dares
Promise the earth to countershine
What ever makes Heavens fore-head fine.

3 But we're deceived all,
Stars they're indeed too true,
For they but seem to fall
As Heavens other spangles do;
It is not for our Earth and us,
To shine in things so pretious.

4 Upwards thou dost weep,
Heavens bosome drinks the gentle stream,
Where th' Milky Rivers meet,
Thine Crawls above and is the Cream.

B

Heaven,

Steps to the Temple.

Heaven, of such fair Floods as this,
Heaven the Christal Ocean is:

5 Every morn from hence,
A brisk Cherub something tips
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest Lips.
Then to his Musick, and his Song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

6 When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a Feast,
Angels with their Bottles come;
And draw from these full Eyes of thine,
Their Masters Water, their own Wine.

7 The Dew no more will weep,
The Primroses pale Cheek to deck,
The Dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzel'd in the Lillies Neck.
Much rather would it Tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy Tear.

8 Not the soft Gold which
Steals from the Amber-weeping Tree,
Makes Sorrow half so Rich,
As the drops distill'd from thee.
Sorrows best Jewels lie in these
Caskets of which Heaven keeps the Keys.

9 When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest Majesty,

(For she is a Queen)

Then is she drest by none but thee,
Then, and only then she wears
Her richest Pearls, I mean thy Tears.

10 Not in the Evenings Eyes
When they red with weeping are,
For the Sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a Face so fair,
No where but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

11 Sadness all the while
She sits in such a Throne as this,
Can do nought but smile,
Nor believes she sadness is :
Gladness it self would be more glad
To be made so sweetly sad.

12 There is no need at all
That the Balsome-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall,
His med'cinable Tears, for now
Nature hath learn't to extract a Dew,
More Sovereign and Sweet from you.

13 Yet let the poor drops weep,
Weeping is the case of Woe,
Softly let them creep
Sad that they are vanquish't so,
They, though to others no relief,
May Balsome be for their own grief:

14 Golden though he be,
Golden *Tagus* murmurs though,

Steps to the Temple

Might he flow from thee,
Content and quiet would he go,
Richer far does he esteem
Thy Silver, then his Golden stream.

15 Well does the *May* that lies
Smiling in thy Cheeks content,
The *April* in thine Eyes,
Mutual sweetness they express.
No *April* e'r lent softer Showres,
Nor *May* returned falser Flowers.

16 Thus dost thou melt the year
Into a weeping motion,
Each minute waiteth here,
Takes his Tear and gets him gone;
By thine Eyes tinct enobled thus
Time lays him up: he's precious.

17 Time as by thee he passes,
Makes thy ever-watry Eyes
His Hour-Glasses;
By them his steps he rectifies.
The Sands he us'd no longer please,
For his own Sands he'll use thy Seas.

18 Does thy Song lull the Air?
Thy Tears just Cadence still keeps time,
Does thy sweet breath *Prayer*
Up in clouds of incense climb?
Still at each sigh, that is each stop,
A Bead, that is a Tear doth drop.

19 Does the Night arise?
Still thy Tears do fall, and fall.

Steps to the Temple

5

Does night loose her Eyes?
Still the Fountain weeps for all.

Let Night or Day do what they will,
Thou hast thy Taske, thou weepest still.

20 Not, so long she liv'd,
Will thy Tomb report of thee,
But so long she griev'd,
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by Days, by Months, by Years
Measure their Ages, Thou by Tears.

21 Say watry Brothers
Ye simpering Sons of those fair Eyes,
Your fertile Mothers.
What hath our World that can entice
You to be born? what is't can borrow
You from her Eyes swoln wombs of Sorrow.

22 Whither away so fast?
O whither? for the fluttish Earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the Dust deserve your Birth.
Whither haste ye then? O say
Why ye trip so fast away?

23 We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's Bed,
The Roses modest Cheek
Nor the Violets humble head.
No such thing; we go to meet
A worthier Object, Our Lords Feet.

The Tear.

1 **W**hat bright soft thing is this?
 Sweet *Mary* thy fair Eyes expence?
 A moist spark it is,
 A watry Diamond; from whence
 The very Term, I think, was found
 The water of a *Diamond*.

2 O 'tis not a Tear,
 'Tis a Star about to drop
 From thine Eye its sphear;
 The Sun will stoop and take it up.
 Proud will his Sister be to wear
 This thine Eyes Jewel in her Ear.

3 O 'tis a Tear,
 Too true a Tear; for no sad Eyne,
 How sad soe're,
 Rain so true a Tear as thine;
 Each Drop leaving a place so dear,
 Weeps for it self, is its own Tear.

4 Such a Pearl as this is,
 (Slipt from *Aurora's* dewy Brest)
 The Rose-buds sweet Lip kisses;
 And such the Rose its self when vext
 With ungentle flames, does shed,
 Sweating in too warm a Bed.

5 Such the Maiden Gemme
By the wanton Spring put on,
Peeps from her Parent stemme,
And blushes on the watry Sun :
This watry Blossome of thy Eyne
Ripe, will make the richer Wine.

6 Fair Drop, why quak'st thou so ?
'Cause thou streight must lay thy Head
In the Dust ? O no ;
The Dust shall never be thy Bed :
A Pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuft with Down of Angels wing.

7 Thus carried up on high,
(For to Heaven thou must go)
Sweetly shalt thou lye,
And in soft slumbers bath thy Woe ;
Till the singing Orbs awake thee,
And one of their bright Chorus make thee.

8 There thy self shalt be
An Eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whither thou hadst rather there have shone
An Eye of Heaven ; or still shine here
In th' Heaven of Mary's eye, a Tear.

Divine Epigrams.

On the water of our Lords Baptisme.

E Ach Blest Drop on each Blest Limb,
 Is washt it self, in washing him :
 'Tis a Gemme while it stays here;
 While it falls hence 'tis a Tear.

Act. 8.

On the Baptized Ethiopian.

L Et it no longer be a forlorn-hope
 To wash an Ethiop :
 He's washt, his gloomy skin a peaceful shade
 For his White Soull is made :
 And now, I doubt not, the Eternal Dove,
 A black-fac'd house will love.

On the Miracle of multiplied Loaves.

S Ec here an easie Feast that knows no wound,
 That under Hungers Teeth will needs be found :
 A subtile Harvest of unbounded bread,
 What would ye more ? Here Food it self is fed.

Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord.

H Ere, where our Lord once laid his Head,
 Now the Grave lies Buried.

The Widows Mites.

TWO Mites, two Drops, (yet all her House and Land)
Falls from a steady Heart, though trembling Hand;
The others wanton wealth foams high, and brave,
The other cast away, the only gave.

Luke 15.

On the Prodigal.

TELL me bright Boy, tell me my Golden Lad,
Whither away so frolick? why so glad?
What all thy Wealth in Council? all thy State?
Are Husks so deer? troth 'tis a Mighty Rate.

*On the still surviving Marks of our
Saviours Wounds.*

WHAT ever story of their cruelty,
Or Nail, or Thorn, or Spear have writ in Thee,
Are in another Sence
Still Legible;
Sweet is the difference:
Once I did spell
Every red Letter
A wound of thine,
Now, (what is better)
Balsome for mine.

A&. 5.

The Sick implore St. Peter's shadow.

Under thy shadow may I lurk a while,
 Death's busie search I'll easily beguile:
 Thy shadow *Peter*, must shew me the Sun,
 My Light's thy shadow's shadow, or 'tis done.

Mar. 7.

*The Dumb healed, and the People
 enjoyed silence.*

Chris't bids the dumb Tongue speak, it speaks, the
 He charges to be quiet, it runs round, (sound
 If in the first he us'd his fingers Touch:
 His hands whole strength here, could not be too much.

Mat. 28.

Come see the place where the Lord lay.

Show me himself, himself (bright Sir) O show
 Which way my poor Tears to himself may go,
 Were it enough to show the place, and say,
 Look, *Mary*, here see, where thy Lord once lay.
 Then could I show these Arms of mine, and say,
 Look, *Mary*, here see, where thy Lord once lay.

To Pontius washing his bands.

Thy Hands are wash'd, but O the water's spilt,
 That labour'd to have wash'd thy guilt;

The

Steps to the Temple.

11

The Flood, if any can that can suffice,
Must have its Fountain in thine Eyes.

To the Infant Martyrs:

GO smiling Souls, your new built Cages break,
In Heav'n you'l learn to sing e'r here to speak,
Nor let the milky Fonts that bath your Thirst,
Be your delay;
The place that calls you hence, is at the worst
Milk all the way.

On the Miracle of Loaves.

NOW Lord, or never, they'l beleieve on thee.
Thou to their Teeth hast prov'd thy Deity.

Mark 4.

Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith?

AS if the storm meant him;
Or 'cause Heavens face is dim,
His needs a Cloud.
Was ever froward wind
That could be so unkind,
Or wave so proud?

The Wind had need be angry, and the Water black,
That to the mighty Neptune's self dare threaten wrack.

There is no storm but this
Of your own Cowardise

That

That braves you out;
 You are the storm that mocks
 Your selves; you are the Rocks

Of your own doubt:
 Besides this fear of danger, there's no danger here,
 And he that here fears Danger, does deserve his Fear.

On the blessed Virgins chastity.

That on her Lap she casts her humble Eye,
 'Tis the sweet pride of her Humility.
 The fair Star is well fixt, for where, O where
 Could she have fixt it on a fairer Sphear?
 'Tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n she sees, Heav'n's God there lies,
 She can see Heaven, and ne'r lift up her Eyes:
 This new Guest to her Eyes new Laws hath given,
 'I was once look up, 'Tis now look down to Heaven.

Upon Lazarus his Tears.

Rich Lazarus! richer in those Gems, thy Tears,
 Than Dives in the Robes he wears:
 He scorns them now, but O they'll sute full well
 With th' Purple he must wear in Hell.

Two went up into the Temple to Pray.

Two went to pray? O rather say
 One went to brag, th' other to pray:

One stands up close and treads on high,
 Where th' other dares not lend his Eye.

One neerer to Gods Altar trod,
 The other to the Altar's God.

Upon the Ass that bore our Saviour.

Hast only Anger an Omnipotence
In Eloquence?

Within the Lips of Love and Joy doth dwell

No Miracle?

Why else had *Balaams* Ass a Tongue to hide
His Masters Pride?

And thou (Heaven-burthen'd Beast) hast ne'r a word
To praise thy Lord?

That he should find a Tongue and vocal Thunder,
Was a great wonder.

But O me-thinks 'tis a far greater one
That thou find'st none.

Matt. 8.

*I am not worthy that thou should'st come
under my Roof.*

Thy God was making haste into thy Roof,
Thy humble Faith and Fear keeps him aloof:
He'l be thy Guest, because he may not be,
He'l come — into thy house? no, into thee.

Upon the Powder-day.

How fit our well-rank'd Feasts do follow,
All mischief comes after *All-Hallow*.

I am the Door.

And now th'art set wide ope, the Spear's sad Art,
Lest hath unlockt thee at the very Heart:

He

-He to himself (I fear the worst)
 And his own hope
 Hath *shut* these Doors of Heaven, that durst
 Thus set them open.

Matt. 10.

*The Blind Cured by the word
 of our Saviour.*

THou speak'st the Word (thy Word's a Law)
 Thou Spak'st, and streight the blind man saw.
 To speak and make the Blind man See,
Was never man Lord spake like Thee.
 To speak thus, was to speak (say I)
 Not to his Ear, but to his Eye.

Matthew 17.

And he answered them nothing.

O Mighty *Nothing!* unto thee,
Nothing, we owe all things that be,
 God spake once when he all things made,
 He sav'd All when he *Nothing* said.
 The World was made of *Nothing* then;
 'Tis made by *Nothing* now again.

*To our Lord, upon the Water
 made Wine.*

THou Water turn'st to Wine (fair Friend of Life)
 Thy Foe to cross the Sweet Arts of thy Reign,
 Distils from thence the Tears of Wrath and Strife,
 And so turns Wine to Water back again.

Matt.

Matthew 22.

*Neither durst any man from that Day ask
him any more Questions.*

MIdst all the dark and knotty Snares,
Black Wit or Malice can or dares,
Thy Glorious Wisdom breaks the Nets,
And treads with uncontrouled steps.
Thy quell'd Foes are not only now
Thy Triumphs, but thy Trophies too:
They, both at once thy Conquests be,
And thy Conquests Memory.
Stony Amazement makes them stand
Waiting on thy Victorious hand,
Like Statues fixed to the Fame
Of thy renown, and their own shame
As if they only meant to breath,
To be the Life of their own Death.
'Twas time to hold their Peace when they
Had ne'r another word to say:
Yet is their silence unto thee,
The full sound of thy Victory.
Their silence speaks aloud, and is
Thy well pronounc'd *Panegyris*.
While they speak nothing, they speak all
Their share, in thy Memorial.
While they speak nothing, they proclaim
Thee, with the shrillest Trump of Fame,
To hold their peace is all the ways,
These Wretches have to speak thy Praise.

Upon our Saviours Tomb wherein
Never man was laid.

How Life and Death in Thee
Agree?

Thou had'st a Virgin Womb

And Tomb.

A Joseph did betroth

Them both,

It is better to go into Heaven
With one Eye, &c.

One Eye? a Thousand rather, and a Thousand more,
To fix those full-fac'd Glories, O he's poor
Of Eyes that has but Argus store. (Thee,
Yet if thou'lt fill one poor Eye, with thy Heaven and
O grant, (sweet Goodness) that one Eye may be-
All, and every whit of me.

Luke II.

Upon the dumb Devil cast one, and the
Slandrous Fears put to silence.

Two Devils at one blow thou hast laid flat,
A Speaking Devil this, a Dumb one that;
Wa'st thy full Victories fairer increase,
That th' one spake, or that th' other held his peace?

Luk.

Luk. 10.

*And a certain Priest coming that way looked
on him and passed by.*

Why dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that passest
Handling & turning them with an unwounded eye, (by
The calm that cools thine eye does shipwrack mine, for
Unmov'd to see one wretched, is to make him so. (O!

Luk. 11.

Blessed be the Paps which Thou hast sucked.

Suppose he had been Tabled at thy Teats,
Thy Hunger feels not what he Eats:
He'll have his Teare'r long (a bloody one)
The Mother then must suck the Son.

*To Pontius washing his Blood-
stained hands.*

Is Murther no sin? or a sin so cheap,
That thou need'st heap
A Rape upon't? till thy Adult'rons touch
Taught her these sullied Cheeks, this blubber'd Face,
She was a Nimph, the Meadows knew none such,
Of honest Parentage, of unstain'd Race,
The Daughter of a fair and well-sam'd Fountain
As ever Silver tapt, the side of sturdy Mountain.

See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appears
 Nothing but Tears;
 Each drop's a Tear that weeps for her own woe;
 Hark how at every touch she does complain her;
 Hark how she bids her frighted Drops make haste;
 And with sad Murmurs, chides the hands that stain her.
 Leave, leave, for shame, or else (Good judge) decree,
 What water shal wash this, when this hath washed thee.

Matthew 23.

Ye build the Sepulchres of the Prophets.

THou trim'st a Prophet's Tomb, and dost bequeath
 The Life thou took'st from him unto his Death.
 Vain Man! the stones that on his Tomb do lie,
 Keep but the score of them that made him die.

Upon the Infant Martyrs.

TO see both blended in one Flood,
 The Mothers Milk, the Childrens Blood,
 Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather,
 Roses hence, or Lillies rather.

Joh. 16.

*Verily I say unto you, ye shall weep
 and lament.*

Welcome my Grief, my Joy; how dear's
 To me my Legacy of Tears!

I'll weep, and weep, and will therefore
 Weep, 'cause I can weep no more:
 Thou, thou (Dear Lord) even thou alone,
 Giv'st joy, even when thou givest none.

Joh. 15.

*Upon our Lords last comfortable Discourse
 with his Disciples,*

ALI Hybla's Honey, all that sweetness can
 Flows in thy Song (O fair, O dying Swan!)
 Yet is the joy I take in't small or none;
 It is too sweet to be a long-liv'd one.

Luk. 16.

Dives asking a drop.

A Drop, one drop, how sweetly one fair drop
 Would tremble on my Pearl-tipt fingers top?
 My Wealth is gone, O go it where it will,
 Spare this one Jewel; I'll be *Dives* still.

Mark. 12.

(Give to Cæsar ———)
 (And to God ———)

ALI we have is God's, and yet
 Cæsar challenges a Debt,
 Nor hath God a thinner share,
 What ever Cæsar's payments are;

All is God's ; and yet 'tis true,
 All we have is *Caesar's* too ;
 All is *Caesar's* ; and what odds
 So long as *Caesar's* self is Gods ?

But now they have seen and hated.

Seen ? and yet hated Thee ? they did not see,
 They saw Thee not, that saw and hated Thee :
 No, no, they saw thee not, O Life, O Love,
 Who saw ought in Thee that their Hate could move ?

*Upon the Crown of Thorns taken from our
 Blessed Lords Head all bloody.*

(which yet
KNow 'st thou this Soldier ? 'tis a much chang'd Plant,
 Thy Self didst set,
 'Tis chang'd indeed, did *Autumn* e'r such Beautys bring
 To shame his Spring ?
 O ! who so hard an Husbandman cou'd ever find
 A Soyl so kind ?
 Is not the Soyl a kind one (think ye) that returns
Roses for Thorns ?

*She began to wash his Feet with Tears and wipe
 them with the Hairs of her Head.*

Her Eyes Flood licks his Feets fair stain,
 Her Hairs Flame licks up that again.
 This Flame thus quench't hath brighter Beams ;
 This Flood thus stained fairer Streams,

On St. Peter cutting off Malchus his Ear.

WELL Peter dost thou wield thy active Sword,
Well for thy self (I mean) not for thy Lord.
To strike at Ears, is to take heed there be
No witness, Peter, of thy Perjury.

Joh. 3.

But Men loved Darknes rather than Light.

THE Worlds Light shines, shine as it will,
The World will love its Darknes still,
I doubt though, when the World's in Hell,
It will not love its darkness half so well.

Act. 21.

I am ready not onely to be Bound but to Dye.

COME death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,
At those hard words Mans Cowardise calls Fears,
Save those of Fear, no other Bands fear I;
Nor other Death then this; the fear to Die.

*On St. Peter casting away his Nets
at our Saviours Call.*

THOU hast the Art on't Peter, and canst tell
To cast thy Nets on all occasions well.

When Christ calls, and thy Nets would have thee stay;
To cast them Well's to cast them quite away.

*Our Lord in his Circumcision to
his Father.*

TO thee these First Fruits of my growing Death
(For what else is my life?) do I bequeath.
Taste this, and as thou lik'st this lesser flood
Expect a Sea, my heart shall make it good.
Thy weath that wades here now, e'r long shall swim
The Flood-gate shall be set wide ope for him.
Then let him drink, and drink, and do his worst,
To drown the wantonness of his wild Thirst.
Now 's but the Nonage of my Pains, my Fears
Are yet both in their hopes, not come to years.
The Day of my dark Woes is yet but Morn,
My Tears but tender, and my Death new-born.
Yet may these unfledg'd griefs give fate some guess,
These Cradle-torments have their towardness.
These Purple buds of blooming Death may be,
Ere the full stature of a fatal Tree.
And till my riper Woes to Age are come,
This Knife may be the Spears *Preludium*.

On the wounds of our crucified Lord.

O These wakeful Wounds of thine!
Are they Mouths? or are they Eyes?
Be they Mouthes, or be they Eyn,
Each bleeding part some one supplies.

Lo ! a Mouth, whose full-bloom'd Lips
At too dear a rate are Roses.
Lo ! a blood-shot Eye ! that weeps
And many a cruel Tear discloses.

O thou that on this Foot hast laid
Many a Kiss, and many a Tear,
Now thou shalt have all repaid,
Whatsoe'r thy Charges were.

This Foot hath got a Mouth and Lips,
To pay the sweet summe of thy Kisses ;
To pay thy Tears, an Eye that weeps
Instead of Tears such Gems as this is.

The difference onely this appears,
(Nor can the change offend)
The Debt is paid in *Ruby*-Tears,
Which thou in Pearls didst lend.

*On our crucified Lord Naked
and Bloody.*

TH' have left thee Naked Lord, O that they had ;
This Garment too I would they had deny'd.
Thee with thy self they have too richly clad,
Opening the Purple Wardrobe of thy Side.
O never could be found Garments too good
For thee to wear, but these, of thine own Blood.

Easter-day.

Rise, Heir of fresh Eternity,
From thy Virgin-Tomb :
Rise Mighty man of Wonders, and thy world with thee

Thy Tomb, the universal East,
 Natures new Womb,
 Thy Tomb, fair Immortalities perfumed Nest,
 Of all the Glories make Noon gay
 This is the Morn.
 This Rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of day,
 In Joyes white Annals live this hour,
 When life was born,
 No Cloud scowl on his radiant Lids, no Tempest lowre.
 Life, by this Light's Nativity
 All Creatures have.
 Death onely by this days just Doom is forc't to dye,
 Nor is Death forc't ; for may he lye
 Thron'd in thy Grave ;
 Death will on this condition be content to dye.

*On the bleeding Wounds of our
 crucified Lord.*

Jesu, no more, it is full Tide
 From thy Hands and from thy Feet,
 From thy Head, and from thy Side,
 All thy *Purple Rivers* meet.

Thy restless Feet, they cannot go,
 For us and our Eternal good
 As they are wont, what though ?
 They Swim, alas, in their own Flood.

Thy Hand to give, thou canst not lift ;
 Yet will thy Hand still giving be ;
 It gives, but O it self's the Gift,
 It drops though bound, though bound 'tis free.

But

But Oh thy Side! thy deep dig'd Side
That hath a double *Nilus* going,
Nor ever was the *Pharist* Tide
Half so Fruitful, half so Flowing.

What need thy fair Head bear a part
In Tears? as if thine Eyes had none?
What need they help to drown thine Heart,
That strives in Torrents of its own?

Water'd by the showres they bring,
The Thorns that thy Blest Brows enclose
(A cruel and a costly Spring)
Conceive proud hopes of proving *Roses*.

Not a Hair but pays his River
To this *Red Sea* of thy Blood,
Their little Channels can deliver
Something to the general Flood.

But while I speak, whither are run
All the Rivers nam'd before?
I counted wrong; there is but one,
But O that one is one all o're.

Rain-swoln Rivers may rise proud,
Threatning all to overflow,
But when indeed all's overflow'd
They themselves are drowned too.

This thy Bloods deluge (a dire chance
Dear Lord to thee) to us is found
A deluge of deliverance,
A Deluge lest we should be drown'd:

Ne'r was't thou in a Sence so sadly True,
The Well of living Waters, Lord, till now.

Sampson

Sampson to his Dalilah.

Could not once blinding me, Cruel, suffice?
When first I look't on thee, I lost mine Eyes.

Psalm, 23.

Happy me! O happy Sheep!
Whom my God vouchsafes to keep,
Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these ways of Bliss;
On whose Pastures cheerful Spring,
All the year doth sit and Sing,
And rejoicing, smiles to see
Their Green Backs wear his Livery:
Pleasure sings my Soul to rest,
Plenty wears me at her Brest,
Whose sweet Temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
At my Feet the blab'ring Mountain
Weeping, melts into a Fountain,
Whose soft silver-sweating Streams
Make high Noon forget his Beams:
When my waiward Breath is flying,
He calls home my soul from dying,
Strokes and tames my rabid Grief,
And does woo me into life:
When my simple weakness strays,
(Tangled in forbidden ways)
He (my Shepherd) is my guide,
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me, he beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles:

He

He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a Path clear as the Day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy-conducted Feet,
Whilst they gladly go to meet
Grace and Peace, to meet new laies
Tun'd to my great Sheapheards praise.
Come now all ye Terrors, Sally,
Must'ring forth into the Valley,
Where Triumphant darkness hovers
With a sable Wing, that covers
Brooding Horror. Come thou Death,
Let the damps of thy dull Breath
Overshadow even the shade,
And make darkness self afraid;
There my Feet, even there shall find
Way for a resolved mind.
Still my Shepheard, still my God
Thou art with me, Still thy Rod,
And thy Staff, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of thy Word
Crown'd abundance spreads my Board:
While I Feast, my Foes do feed
Their rank Malice, not their Need,
So that with the self-same Bread
They are Starv'd, and I am Fed.
How my Head in Ointment swims!
How my Cup o're-looks her brims!
So, even so still may I move
By the Line of thy dear Love:
Still may thy sweet Mercy spread
A shady Arm above my Head,

About my Paths, so shall I find
 The fair Center of my mind
 Thy Temple, and those Lovely walls
 Bright ever with a Beam that falls
 Fresh from the pure glance of thine Eye,
 Lighting to Eternity.
 There I'll dwell for ever, there
 Will I find a purer Air.
 To feed my Life with, there I'll sup
 Balme and Nectar in my Cup,
 And thence my ripe Soul will I breath
 Warm into the Arms of Death.

Psalm 137.

ON the proud Banks of great *Euphrates* Flood,
 There we sate, and there we wept:
 Our Harps that now no Musick understood,
 Nodding on the Willows slept,
 While unhappy captiv'd we
 Lovely *Sion* thought on thee.

They, they that snatcht us from our Countreys Brest
 Would have a Song carv'd to their Ears
 In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel Jest!)
 When Harps and Hearts were drown'd in Tears:
 Come, they cry'd, come Sing and Play
 One of *Sions* Songs to day.

Sing? Play? to whom (ah) shall we Sing or Play
 If not *Jerusalem* to thee?
 Ah thee *Jerusalem*? ah sooner may
 This Hand forget the Mastery
 Of Musicks dainty touch, then I
 The Musick of thy Memory.

Which

Which when I lose, O may at once my Tongue
 Lose this same busie speaking Art
 Unpearcht, her vocal Arteries unstrung,
 No more acquainted with my Heart,
 On my dry Pallats roof to rest
 A wither'd Leaf, an idle Guest.

No, no, thy good, *Sion*, alone must Crown
 The head of all my hope-nurst Joyes.
 But *Edom* cruel thou! thou cry'dst down, down
 Sink *Sion*, down and never rise,
 Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,
 And haste to dash her into Dust.

Dost laugh? proud *Babels* Daughter! do, laugh on,
 Till thy ruine teach thee Tears,
 Even such as these, laugh, till a venging throng
 Of woes too late doe rouze thy fears.
 Laugh till thy Childrens bleeding Bones
 Weep precious Tears upon the stones.

Quem vidistis Pastores, &c.

*A Hymn of the Nativity, sung by
 the Shepherds.*

Chorus. Come we Shepherds who have seen
 Days King deposed by Nights Queen.
 Come lift we up our lofty Song,
 To wake the Sun that sleeps too long.

He in this our general Joy,
 Slept, and Dreamt of no such thing
 While we found out the fair-ey'd Boy,
 And kist the Cradle of our King;

Tell

Tell him he rises now too late,
To shew us onght worth looking at.

Tell him we now can shew him more
Then he e'r shew'd to Mortal sight,
Then he himself e'r saw before,
Which to be seen needs not his Light:
Tell him *Tityrus* where th' hast been,
Tell him *Thyrsis* what th' hast seen.

Tityrus. Gloomy Night, embrac't the place
Where the Noble Infant lay;
The Babe lookt up, and shew'd his Face,
In sight of Darkness it was Day.
It was thy Day, Sweet; and did rise,
Not from the *East*, but from thy Eyes.

Thyrsis. Winter chid the World, and sent
The angry *North* to wage his Wars:
The *North* forgot his fierce intent,
And left Perfumes instead of Scars:
By those sweet Eyes persuasive Powers,
Where he meant Frosts, he scattered Flowers.

Both. We saw thee in thy Balmy-Nest,
Bright Dawn of our *Eternal Day*;
We saw thine Eyes break from the *East*,
And chase the trembling Shades away:
We saw thee (and we blest the sight)
We saw thee by thine own sweet Light.

Tityrus. I saw the curl'd Drops, soft and slow
Come hovering o'r the places head,
Offering their whitest sheets of Snow,
To furnish the fair Infants Bed.

Forbear

Forbear (said I) be not too bold,
Your Fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

Thyrsis. I saw th' Officious Angels bring,
The Down that their soft Breasts did strow,
For well they now can spare their Wings,
When Heaven it self lies here below,
Fair Youth, (said I) be not too rough,
Your Down though soft's not soft enough,

Tityrus. The Babe no sooner 'gan to seek,
Where to lay his Lovely Head,
But streight his Eyes advis'd his Cheek,
'Twixt Mothers Breasts to goe to Bed.
Sweet choise (said I) no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in Snow.

All. Welcome to our wondring sight
Eternity shut in a Span!
Summer in Winter! Day in Night!

Chorus. Heaven in Earth! and God in Man!
Great little one, whose Glorious Birth,
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to Earth.

Welcome, though not to Gold, nor Silk,
To more then *Cesar's* Birth-right is.
Two Sister-Seas of Virgins Milk,
With many a rarely-temper'd Kiss,
That Breaths at once both Maid and Mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings thy Tears asleep, and dips
Her Kisses in thy weeping Eye,
She spreads the red Leaves of thy Lips,
That in their Buds yet Blushing lye.

She

She 'gainst those Mother-Diamonds tries
The points of her young Eagles Eyes.

Welcome, (though not to those gay Flies
Gilded i' th' Beams of Earthly Kings
Slippery Souls in smiling Eyes)
But to poor Shepherds, simple things,
That use no Varnish, no oyl'd Arts,
But list clean Hands full of cleer Hearts.

Yet when young *Aprils* Husband Showers,
Shall Bless the fruitful *Mais's* Bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her Flowers,
To Kist thy Feet, and Crown thy Head:
To thee (Dread Lamb,) whose Love must keep
The Shepherds, while they feed their Sheep.

To thee meek Majesty, soft King
Of simple Graces and sweet Loves,
Each of us his Lamb will bring,
Each his pair of Silver Doves.
At last, in fire of thy fair Eyes,
We'll burn our own best Sacrifice,



Sospetto d' Herode.

Libro Primo.

Argomento.

*Casting the times with their strong signs,
Death's Master his own his own death Divines;
Struggling for Help, his best Hope is,
Herod's suspicion may heal his;
Therefore he sends a Fiend to wake,
The sleeping Tyrants fond mistake,
Who fears (in vain) that he whose Birth
Mean's Heav'n, should meddle with his Earth.*

I

MUse, now the servant of soft Loves no more,
Hate is thy Theame, and *Herod*, whose unblest
Hand (so what dares not jealous Greatness?) tore
A thousand sweet Babes from their Mothers Brest,
The Blooms of Martydome. O be a Door
Of Language to my Infant Lips, ye best
Of Confessors: whose Throats answering his swords,
Gave forth your Blood for Breath, spoke Souls for
(Words.

D

The

2

Great *Anthony*! *Spain's* well-beseeming pride,
 Thou Mighty Branch of Emperours and Kings,
 The Beauties of whose dawn what Eye may bide,
 Which with the Sun himself weighs equal Wings,
 Mapp of Heroick worth! whom far and wide
 To the believing World Fame boldly sings:

Deign thou to wear this humble Wreath that bowes,
 To be the sacred Honour of thy Brow.

3.

Nor needs my Muse a Blush, or these bright Flow'rs
 Other then what their own blest Beauties bring,
 They were the smiling Sons of those sweet Bow'rs,
 That drink the Dew of Life, whose deathless Spring,
 Nor *Sirian* Flame, nor *Boreas* Frost deflow'rs:
 From whence Heav'n-labouring Bees with busie wing,
 Suck hidden Sweets, which well digested proves
 Immortal Honey for the Hive of Loves.

4.

Thou, whose strong Hand with so transcendent worth,
 Holds high the Rein of fair *Parthenope*,
 That neither *Rome*, nor *Athens* can bring forth
 A Name in Noble Deeds Rival to thee!
 Thy Fames full noise, makes proud the patient Earth,
 Far more then Matter for my Muse and me.

The *Tyrrhene* Seas and Shores sound all the same,
 And in their Murmurs keep thy Mighty Name.

5. Below

5.8

Below the bottom of the great *Abyss*,
 There where one Center reconciles all things,
 The Worlds profound Heart pants : there placed is
 Mischiefs old Master, close about him clings
 A curl'd knot of embracing Snakes, that kiss
 His correspondent Cheeks : these loathsome Strings
 Hold the perverse Prince in Eternal Ties
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the Skies,

6.

The Judge of Torments, and the King of Tears :
 He fills a burnisht Throne of quenchless fire :
 And for his old fair Robes of Light, he wears
 A gloomy Mantle of dark Flames, the Tire
 That Crowns his hated head on high appears ;
 Where sev'n tall Horns (his Empires pride) aspire.
 And to make up Hells Majesty, each Horn
 Sev'n Crested *Hydra's* horribly adorn.

7.

His Eyes the sullen Dents of Death and Night,
 Startle the dull Air with a dismal Red :
 Such his fell Glances as the fatal Light
 Of staring Comets, that look Kingdoms dead ;
 From his black Nostrils, and blew Lips, in spight
 Of Hells own stink, a worse stench is spread.
 His Breath Hells Lightning is : and each deep groan
 Disdains to think that Heav'n Thunders alone.

D 3

3. His

8.2

His Flaming Eyes dire exhalation,
 Unto a dreadful Pile gives fiery Breath;
 Whose unconsum'd Consumption preys upon
 The never-dying Life, of a long death.
 In this sad House of slow Destruction,
 (His shop of Flames) he fries himself, beneath
 A mass of Woes, his Teeth for Torment gnash,
 While his Steel sides sound with his Tails strong
 (lash.

9.

Three Rigorous Virgins waiting still behind,
 Assist the Throne of th' Iron-Scepter'd King:
 With whips of Thorns and knotty Vipers twin'd
 They rouse him, when his rank Thoughts need a sting:
 Their Locks are Beds of uncomb'd Snakes that wind
 About their shady Brows in wanton Rings,
 Thus Reigns the wrathful King, and while he Reigns,
 His Scepter and himself both he disdains.

10.

Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold Sin cost
 Thee all the Beauties of thy once bright Eyes?
 How hath one black Eclipse cancell'd and crost
 The Glories that did Guild thee in thy Rise?
 Proud Morning of a perverse Day! how lost
 Art thou unto thy self, thou too self-wise
 Narcissus? foolish Phaeton? who for all
 Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'dst but a Flaming fall,

11. From

11.

From Death's sad shades to the Life-breathing Air,
 This mortal Enemy to Mankind's good,
 Lifts his malignant Eyes, waded with care,
 To become Beautiful in humane Blood.
 Where *Jordan* melts his Chrystal, to make fair
 The Fields of *Palestine*, with so pure a Flood,
 There does he fix his Eyes: and there Detect
 New matter, to make good his great suspect.

12.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
 Set the contending Sons of Heav'n on fire:
 Oft in his deep Thought he revolves the Dark
Sibills Divining Leaves: he does enquire
 Into th' old Prophecies, trembling to mark
 How many present Prodigies conspire,
 To Crown their past Predictions; both he lays
 Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

13.

Heavens Golden-winged Herald, late he saw
 To a poor *Galilean* Virgin sent:
 How low the Bright Youth bow'd, and with what awe
 Immortal Flow'rs to her fair Hand present.
 He saw th' old *Hebrews* womb, neglect the Law
 Of Age and Barrenness, and her Babe prevent
 His Birth, by his Devotion, who began
 Betimes to be a Saint, before a Man.

D 3

14. He

14.

He saw Rich Nectar Thaws, release the Rigor
 Of th' Icy North, from Frost-bound *Atlas* hands
 His Adamantine Fetters fall : green Vigor
 Gladding the *Seythian* Rocks and *Libian* Sands.
 He saw a vernal smile, sweetly disfigure
 Winters sad Face, and through the flowry Lands
 Of fair *Euphrates* Honey-sweating Fountains (tains.
 With *Manna*, Milk, and Balm, new broach the Moun-

15.

He saw how in that Blest Day-bearing Night,
 The Heav'n rebuked shades made haste away;
 How bright a Dawn of Angels with new Light
 Amaz'd the midnight World, and made a Day
 Of which the Morning knew not, Mad with Splight
 He markt how the poor Shepherds ran to pay
 Their simple Tribute to the Babe, whose Birth
 Was the great Business both of Heav'n and Earth.

16.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,
 Make proud the Ruby Portals of the East :
 He saw the Temple Sacred to sweet Peace,
 Adore her Princes Birth, flat on her Brest :
 He saw the falling Idols, all confess
 A coming Deity : He saw the Nest
 Of pois'nous and unnatural Loves, Earth-murst ;
 Toucht with the Worlds true *Antidote* to burst.

17. He

17.

He saw Heav'n Blossome with a new-born Light,
 On which, as on a Glorious stranger gaz'd
 The Golden Eyes of Night; whose Beam made Bright
 The way to *Beth'lem*, and as boldly blaz'd,
 (Nor askt leave of the Sun) by Day as Night.
 By whom (as Heav'n's illustrious Hand-maid) rais'd
 Three Kings (or what is more) three Wise men went
Westward to find the Worlds true *Orient*.

18:

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
 Symptomes so deadly, unto Death and him;
 Fain would he have forgot what fatal Strings,
 Eternally bind each rebellious Limb.
 He shook himself, and spread his spacious Wings:
 Which like two bosom'd Sails embrace the dimme
 Air, with a dismal shade, but all in vain,
 Of sturdy Adamant is his strong Chain.

19.

While thus Heav'n's highest Counsails, by the low
 Foot-steps of their Effects, he trac'd too well,
 He tost his troubled Eyes, Embers that glow
 Now with new Rage, and wax too hot for Hell.
 With his foul Claws he tenc'd his furrowed Brow,
 And gave a gasty shriek, whose horrid Yell
 Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,
 The while his twisted Tail he gnaw'd for spight.

Steps to the Temple.

20.

Yet on the other side fain would he start
Above his Fears, and think it cannot be :
He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,
And feel the Pulse of every Prophecy,
He knows (but knows not how, or by what Art)
The Heav'n expecting Ages, hope to see
A Mighty Babe, whose pure, unspotted Birth,
From a chaste Virgin womb should bless the Earth.

21.

But these vast Mysteries his Senses smother,
And Reason (for what's Faith to him ?) devour,
How she that is a Maid should prove a Mother,
Yet keep inviolate her Virgin Flow'r ;
How Gods Eternal Son should be mans Brother,
Poseth his proudest Intellectual Pow'r ;
How a pure Spirit should incarnate be,
And Life it self wear Death's frail Livery.

22.

That the Great Angel-blinding Light should shrink
His Blaze, to shine in a poor Shepherds Eye;
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,
As Pris'ner in a few poor Rags to lie;
That from his Mothers Brest he Milk should drink,
Who feeds with Nectar Heav'ns fair Family;
That a vile Manger his low Bed should prove,
Who in a Throne of Stars Thunders above;

23. That

23.

That he whom the Sun serves should faintly peep
 Through Clouds of Infant flesh : that he the old
 Eternal Word should be a Child, and weep :
 That he who made the Fire should fear the Cold :
 That Heav'n's high Majesty his Court should keep
 In a Clay-cottage, by each Blast control'd :
 That Glories self should serve our Grievs and Fears :
 And free Eternity submit to years :

24.

And further, that the Law's Eternal Giver,
 Should bleed in his own Law's obedience :
 And to the circumcising Knife deliver
 Himself, the forfeit of his Slaves offence :
 That the unblemish'd Lamb, blessed for ever,
 Should take the mark of Sin, and pain of Sence :
 These are the knotty Riddles, whose dark doubt
 Intangles his lost Thoughts, past getting out.

25.

While new Thoughts boyl'd in his enraged Brest,
 His gloomy Bosomes darkest Character,
 Was in his shady Forehead seen exprest.
 The Forehead's shade in Grievs expression there,
 Is what in sign of joy among the blest
 The Faces lightning, or a smile is here.
 Those stings of care that his strong Heart oppress,
 A desperate, *Ob me*, drew from his deep Brest.

26.

Oh me! (thus bellow'd he) *Oh me!* what great
 Portents before mine Eyes their Pow'rs advance?
 And serves my purer sight, only to bear
 Down my proud Thought, and leave it in a Trance?
 Frown I; and can great Nature keep her seat?
 And the gay Stars lead on their Golden dance?
 Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
 Auspicious still, in sight of Hell and me?

27.

He has my Heaven (what would he more?) whose bright
 And radiant Scepter this bold Hand should bear
 And for the never-fading Fields of Light,
 My fair Inheritance, he confines me here,
 To this dark House of shades, Horror, and Night,
 To draw a long-liv'd Death, where all my Cheer
 Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
 That Mankinds Torment waits upon my Tears.

28.

Dark, dusky Man, he needs would single forth,
 To make the partner of his own pure Ray;
 And should we Pow'rs of Heav'n, Spirits of worth
 Bow our bright Heads before a King of Clay?
 It shall not be, said I, and clomb the North,
 Where never wing of *Angel* yet made way
 What though I mist my blow? yet I strook high,
 And to dare something is some victory.

29. Is

29.

Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
 Hell from me too, and sack my Territories?
 Vile Humane Nature, means he not to invest
 (O my despair!) with his Divinest Glories?
 And rising with rich Spoils upon his Breast,
 With his fair Triumph fill all future stories?
 Must the bright Arms of Heav'n rebuk these Eyes?
 Mock me, and daze my dark Mysteries?

30.

Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
 Of Stars, that guide the Morn in charge were given?
 The nimblest of the Lightning-winged Loves?
 The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heav'n?
 Look in what Pomp the Mistress Planet moves
 Rev'rently circled by the lesser Seven;
 Such, and so rich, the Flames that from thine Eyes,
 Oppress the common-people of the Skies.

31.

Ah wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy Eyes,
 Where dawning hope no beam of comfort Shows?
 While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,
 Renders thee double to thy present woes,
 Rather make up to thy new Miseries,
 And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
 If Hell must mourn, Heav'n sure shall sympathize;
 What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

32. And

[32]

And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
 My self? my Strength too with my innocence?
 Come try who dares, *Heav'n, Earth*, what e'er dost boast
 A borrowed Being, make thy bold defence:
 Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
 Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths:
Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.

33.

Thus spoke th' impatient Prince, and made a pause,
 His foul Hags rais'd their Heads, and clapt their Hands
 And all the Powers of Hell in full applause
 Flourish'd their Snakes and tost their Flaming Brands.
 We (said the horrid Sisters) wait thy Laws,
 Th' obsequious Handmaids of thy high Commands,
 Be it thy part, Hells mighty Lord, to lay,
 On us thy dread Commands, ours to obey.

34.

What thy *Alas*, what these hands can do,
 Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of *Heav'n*,
 Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,
 To these thy sooty Kingdoms thou art driven:
 Let *Heav'n's* Lord chide above louder than thou
 In language of his Thunder, thou art even
 With him below: here thou art Lord alone
 Boundless and absolute: Hell is thine own.

35.

If usual Wit and Strength will do no good,
 Vertues of Stones, nor Herbs : use stronger Charms,
 Anger, and Love, best hooks of Humane blood :
 If all fail, we'll put on our proudest Arms,
 And pouring on Heav'n's Face the Seas huge Flood,
 Quench his curl'd fires, we'll wake with our Alarms
 Ruine, where e'r she sleeps at Natures feet;
 And crush the World till his wide corners meet.

36.

Reply'd the proud King, O my Crowns defence?
 Stay of whose strong hopes, you of whose brave worth,
 The frighted Stars took faint experience,
 When 'gainst the Thunders mouth we marched forth:
 Still you are prodigal of your Love's expence
 In our great Projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth:
 I thank you all, but one must single out,
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.

37.

Fourth of the cursed knot of Hags is she,
 Or rather all the other three in one;
 Hells shop of slaughter she do's oversee,
 And still assist the Execution:
 But chiefly there do's she delight to be,
 Where Hells capacious Cauldron is set on:
 And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
 To hold them down, and look that none seeth o're-

38. Thrice

Thrice howl'd the Caves of Night, and thrice the sound
 Thundring upon the Banks of those black Lakes
 Rung, through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
 At last her listning Ear she noise o'takes,
 She lifts her sooty Lamp, and looking round
 A gen'ral hiss, from the whole Firm of Snakes
 Rebounding, through Hell's inmost Caverns came,
 In answer to her formidable Name.

'Mongst all the Palaces in Hell's Command,
 No one so merciless as this of hers.
 The Adamantine Doors, for ever stand
 Impenetrable, both to Pray'rs and Tears,
 The Walls inexorable Steel, no hand
 Of Time or Teeth of hungry Ruine fears.
 Their ugly Ornaments are the bloody stains,
 Of ragged Limbs, torn Skulls, and dash'd out Brains.

There has the Purple Vengeance a proud seat,
 Whose ever-brandisht Sword is sheath'd in blood:
 About her Hate, Wrath, Warre, and Slaughter sweat,
 Bathing their hot Limbs in Life's precious Flood.
 There rude impetuous Rage do's storm, and fret:
 And there, as Master of this murd'ring brood,
 Swinging a huge Sish, stands impartial Death,
 With endless business almost out of Breath.

41.

For Hangings and for Curtains, all along
 The Walls, (abominable Ornaments!)
 Are Tools of Wrath, Anvils of Torments hung;
 Fell Executioners of foul intents,
 Nails, Hammers, Hatchets sharp, and Halters strong,
 Swords, Spears, with all the fatal instruments
 Of Sin, and Death, twice dip't in the dire stains
 Of Brothers mutual Blood, and Fathers Brains.

42.

The Tables furnish with a cursed Feast,
 Which *Harpyes* with lean *Famine* feed upon,
 Unfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,
 Inhumane *Eriphion* too makes one;
Tantalus, *Aeneas*, *Progne*, here are Guests:
Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.
 The Cup they drink in is *Medusa's* Skull, (full
 Which mixt with Gall and Blood they quaff brim

43.

The foul Queen's most abhorred Maids of Honour,
Medea, *Jecabel*, many a meagre Witch
 With *Circe*, *Scylla*, stand to wait upon her;
 But her best Huswives are the *Parcae*, which
 Still work for her, and have their Wages from her;
 They prick a bleeding Heart at every stitch.
 Her cruel Clothes of costly Threads they Weave,
 Which short-cut Lives of murdered infants Leave.

44. The

The House is hers'd about with a black Wood,
 Which nods with many a heavy headed Tree:
 Each Flower's a Pregnant poyson, try'd and good:
 Each Herb a Plague: The Winds sighs timed be
 By a black Fount, which weeps into a Flood.
 Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaures, Cyclopes, with a dark drove
 Of *Dragons, Hydras, Sphinxes*, fill the Grove.

Here *Diomed's* Horses, *Phebus* Dogs appear,
 With the fierce Lyons of *Therodamas*;
Busiris ha's his bloody Altar here,
 Here *Sylla* his severest prison has;
 The *Lestrigonians* here their Table rear;
 Here strong *Procrustes* plants his Bed of Brass;
 Here cruel *Seyron* boasts his bloody Rocks,
 And hateful *Schinus* his so feared Oaks.

What ever Schemes of Blood, fantastick frames
 Of Death *Mezentius*, or *Geryon* drew;
Phalaris, Othus, Exelinus, names
 Mighty in Mischief, with dread *Nero* too,
 Here are they all, here all the Swords or Flames
Affyrian Tyrants, or *Egyptian* knew.

Such was the House, so furnisht was the Hall,
 Whence the fourth *Fury*, answer'd *Plato's* call.

47.

scarce to this Monster could the shady King,
 The horrid summe of his intentions tell;
 But she (swift as the momentary wing
 Of Lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell:
 She rose, and with her to our World did bring,
 Pale proof of her fell presence, th' Air too well
 With a chang'd Countenance witness'd the Fight
 And poor Fowls intercepted in their Flight.

48.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the fight,
 The Fields fair Eyes saw her, and saw no more
 But shut their flowry Lids for ever Night,
 And Winter strow her way; yea, such a sore
 As she to Nature, that a general fright,
 An universal Palsie spreading o're
 The face of things, from her dire Eyes had run,
 Had not her thick Snakes hid them from the Sun.

49.

Now had the Nights Companion from her Den,
 Where all the busie day she close doth lye,
 With her soft wing, wip't from the brows of men
 Day's sweat, and by a gentle Tyranny,
 And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them,
 Of all their Cares, tam'd the rebellious Eye
 Of sorrow, with a soft and Downy hand,
 Sealing all Breasts in a *Lethaan* band.

E

30. When

50.

When the *Erynnis* her black Pineons spread,
 And came to *Bethlem* where the cruel King
 Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed
 His Brest a while from care's unquiet sting.
 Such as at *Thebes* dire Feast she shew'd her head,
 Her Sulphur-breathed Torches brandishing,
 Such to the frighted Palace now she comes,
 And with soft feet searches the silent Rooms.

51.

By *Herod* ————— now was born
 The Scepter, which of old great *David* swaid.
 Whose Right by *David's* lineage so long worn,
 Himself a stranger to, his own had made:
 And from the head of *Judah's* house quite torn
 The Crown, for which upon their necks he laid
 A sad yolk, under which they sigh'd in vain,
 And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.

52.

Up through the spacious Palace passed she,
 To where the Kings proudly-reposed head
 (If any can be soft to *Tyranny*
 And self-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
 She thinks not fit such he her face should see,
 As it is seen by Hell; and seen with dread:
 To change her face's stile she doth devise,
 And in a pale Ghost's shape to spare his Eyes.

53. Her

53.

Her self a while she lays aside, and makes
 Ready to personate a mortal part.
Joseph the King's dead Brother's shape she takes,
 What he by Nature was, is she by Art.
 She comes to th' King, and with her cold hand flakes
 His Spirits, the sparks of Life, and chills his Heart,
 Lives forge; fain'd is her voice, and false too be
 Her words, *Sleep'st thou fond man? Sleep'st thou?* said
 (she,

54.

So sleeps a Pilot whose poor Bark is prest
 With many a mercylefs o'r-mastring Wave;
 For whom (as dead) the wrathful Winds contest,
 Which of them deep'st shall dig her watry Grave.
 Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest
 In Death-like slumbers; while thy dangers crave
 A waking Eye and Hand? look up and see
 The Fates ripe, in their great Conspiracy.

55.

Know'st thou not how of th' *Hebrew's* Royal Stemme
 (That old dry stock) a despair'd Branch is sprung
 A most strange Babe! who here conceal'd by them
 In a neglected Stable lies, among
 Beasts and base Straw: already is the stream
 Quite turn'd: th' ingrateful Rebels this their young
 Master (with voice free as the Trump of *Fame*)
 Their new King, and thy Successor proclaim.

E 2

56. What

56.

What busie Motions, what wild Engines stand
On tiptoe in their giddy Brains? th' have fire
Already in their Bosomes; and their hand
Already reaches at a sword: they hire
Poysons to speed thee; yet through all the Land
What one comes to reveal what they conspire?

Go now, make much of these; wage still their wars,
And bring home on thy Brest more thankless scars.

57.

Why did I spend my Life, and spill my Blood,
That thy firm hand for ever might sustain
A well-pois'd Scepter? does it now seem good
Thy Brothers blood be-spilt life spent in vain?
• 'Gainst thy own Sons and Brothers thou hast stood
In Arms, when lesser cause was to complain:
And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep,
Can'st thou be careless now, now can'st thou sleep?

58.

Where art thou Man? what cowardly mistake
Of thy great self, hath stoln King *Herod* from thee?
O call thy self home to thy self. wake, wake,
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee:
Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
Thy self into a shape that may become thee.
Be *Herod*, and thou shalt not miss from me
Immortall stings to thy great Thoughts, and thee.

59. So

59.

So said, her richest Snake, which to her Wrist
 For a beſeeming Bracelet ſhe had ty'd
 (A ſpecial Worm it was as ever kiſt
 The foamy Lips of *Cerberus*) ſhe apply'd
 To the Kings Heart, the Snake no ſooner kiſt,
 But Vertue heard it, and away ſhe hy'd,
 Dire Flames diſſuſe themſelves through every vein,
 This done, home to her Hell ſhe hy'd again.

60:

He wakes, and with him (ne'r to ſleep) new fears :
 His Sweat-bedewed Bed had now betrai'd him,
 To a vaſt field of Thorns, ten thouſand Spears
 All pointed in his Heart ſeem'd to invade him :
 So mighty were th' amazing Characters
 With which his feeling Dream had thus diſmai'd him,
 He his own fancy-framed Foes deſies :
 In Rage, *My Arms, give me my Arms*, he crys.

61.

As when a Pile of Food-preparing fire,
 The Breath of artificial Lungs embraves,
 The Caldron-prison'd waters ſtreight conſpire,
 And beat the hot Braſs with rebellious waves ?
 He murmures and rebukes their bold deſire ;
 Th' impatient Liquor, frets, and foams, and raves,
 Till his o'rſflowing pride ſuppreſs the Flame,
 Whence all his high ſpirits, and hot courage came.

62.

So boils the fired *Herod's* blood-swoln Brest,
 Not to be slak'd but by a Sea of Blood.
 His faithless Crown he feels loose on his Crest,
 Which on false Tyrants Head ne'r firmly stood.
 The Worm of jealous Envy and unrest,
 To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing Food
 Makes him impatient of the lingring Light,
 Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night.

63.

A Thousand Prophecies that talk strange things,
 Had sown of old these doubts in his deep Brest;
 And now of late came Tributary Kings,
 Bringing him nothing but new Fears from th' *East*,
 More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings.
 With which his Feav'rous Cares their cold increast
 And now his dream (hells firebrand) still more bright,
 Shew'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the sight.

64.

No sooner therefore shall the morning see
 (Night hangs yet heavy on the Lids of day)
 But all his Counsellours must summon'd be,
 To meet their troubled Lord : without delay
 Heralds and Messengers immediately
 Are sent about, who poasting every way
 To th' Heads and Officers of every Band;
 Declare who sends, and what is his Command.

65. Why

65.

Why art thou troubled Herod? what vain fear
 Thy Blood-revolving Brest to Rage doth move?
 Heav'n's King, who doffs himself weak flesh to wear,
 Comes not to rule in Wrath, but serve in Love:
 Nor would he this thy fear'd Crown from thee Tear,
 But give thee a better with himself above.

Poor jealousy! why should he wish to prey
 Upon thy Crown, who gives his own away.

66.

Make to thy reason Man; and mock thy doubts,
 Look how below thy Fears their Causes are;
 Thou art a soldier *Herod*, send thy Scouts
 See how he's furnish'd for so fear'd a War.
 What Armour does he wear? a few thin Cloths.
 His Trumpets? tender ears: his men to dare
 So much? rude Shepherds. What his Steeds? alas
 Poor Beasts! a slow Ose, and a simple Ass.

Il fine del Libro primo.

On a Prayer Book sent to Mrs. M. R.

LO here a little Volume, but great Book,
 (Fear it not, sweet,
 It is no Hypocrite)
 Much larger in it self, then in its look.

It is in one rich Handful, Heaven and all
 Heavens Royal Hosts inclopt, thus small
 To prove that true Schools use to tell,
 A thousand Angels in one point can dwell.

It is Loves great Artillery,
 Which here contracts it self and comes to lye
 Close coucht in your white Bosome, and from thence
 As from a snowy Fortress of defence
 Against the ghostly Foe to take your part
 And fortify the Hold of your chaste heart.

It is the Armory of Light,
 Let constant Use but keep it bright,
 You'l find it yields
 To Holy Hands and Humble Hearts,
 More Swords and Shields
 Then Sin hath Snares, or Hell hath Darts.

Only be sure,
 The Hands be pure,
 That hold these Weapons and the Eyes
 Those of Turtles, chaste, and True,
 Wakeful, and Wise.
 Here is a Friend shall fight for you,

Hold but this Book before your Heart,
Let Prayer alone to play his part.

But O', the Heart
That studies this high Art,
Must be a sure House-keeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear Soul be strong,
Mercy will come e'r long,
And bring her Bosome full of Blessings,
Flowers of never fading Graces;
To make immortal dressings
For worthy Souls whose wife embraces
Store up themselves for him, who is alone
The spouse of Virgins, and the Virgins Son.

But if the Noble Bridegroom when he comes
Shall find the wandering heart from home,
Leaving her Chaste abode,

To gad abroad:

Amongst the gay Mates of the god of Lies.

To take her pleasures, and to play
And keep the Devils Holy day;
To dance in the Sun-shine of some smiling
but beguiling.

Spear of Sweet and Sugered Lies,
Some slippery pair,
Of False perhaps as Fair
Flattering but forswearing Eyes.

Doubtless some other Heart
Will get the start,

And

And stepping in before,
 Will take possession of the Sacred store
 Of hidden Sweets, and holy Joyes,
 Words which are not heard with Ears,
 (These tumultuous shops of noise)
 Effectual whispers whose still voice,
 The Soul it self more feels then hears.

Amorous Languishments, Luminous Trances;
 Sights which are not seen with Eyes,
 Spiritual and Soul piercing Glances ;
 Whose Pure and Subtle Lightning, flies
 Home to the Heart and sets the House on fire ;
 And melts it down in sweet desire ;
 Yet doth not stay
 To ask the Windows leave, to pass that way.

Delicious Deaths, soft Exhalations
 Of Soul ; Dear, and Divine annihilations ;
 A thousand unknown Rites
 Of Joys, and rarified Delights.

An hundred thousand Loves and Graces ;
 And many a mistick thing,
 Which the Divine embraces
 Of the dear spouse of Spirits with them will bring ;
 For which it is no shame,
 That dull Mortality must not know a Name.

Of all this hidden store
 Of Blessings, and ten thousand more ;
 If when he come
 He find the Heart from home,
 Doubtless he will unload

Himself some otherwhere,
And pour abroad
His precious Sweets,
On the fair Soul whom first he meets!

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!

O happy and thrice happy she
Dear Silver-breasted Dove

Who ere she be,

Whose early Love

With winged Vowes,

Makes haste to meet her morning Spouse:

And close with his immortal kisses,

Happy Soul who never misses,

To improve that precious hour:

And every day,

Seize her sweet Prey;

All fresh and fragrant as he rises,

Dropping with a Balmy shower

A delicious dew of Spices.

O let that happy Soul hold fast

Her Heavenly Armful, she shall taste

At once ten thousand Paradises,

She shall have power,

To Rife and Deflower

The rich and roseal Spring of those rare sweets,

Which with a swelling Bosome there she meets,

Boundless and infinite, bottomless Treasures

Of pure inebriating pleasures,

Happy soul she shall discover,

What joy, what bliss,

How many Heavens at once it is,

To have a God become her Lover.

*On Mr, G. Herbert's Book, entituled, The
Temple of Sacred Poems, sent
to a Gentlewoman.*

K Now you Fair, on what you look?
Divinest Love lies in this Book:
Expecting Fire from your Eyes,
To kindle this his Sacrifice.
When your Hands unty these strings,
Think you've an Angel by the wings.
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh.
To flutter in the balmy Air,
Of your well perfumed Prayer,
These white Plumes of his Hee I lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will send you:
To take acquaintance of the Sphear,
And all the smooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though *Herberts* Name do owe
These Devotions, fairest, know
That while I lay them on the shrine
Of your white Hand, they are mine.

A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint TERESA, Foundress of the Reformation of the Discalced Carmelites, both Men and Women; a Woman for Angelical height of speculation, for Masculine courage of performance, more then a Woman; who yet a Child, out ran Maturity, and durst plot a Martyrdom.

Love thou art absolute, sole Lord
 Of Life and Death—To prove the Word,
 We need to go to none of all
 Those thy old soldiers, stout and tall
 Ripe and full grown, that could reach down,
 With strong Arms their Triumphant Crown:
 Such as could with lusty breath,
 Speak loud unto the face of Death
 Their great Lords glorious Name, to none
 Of those whose large Breasts built a Throne
 For Love their Lord, glorious and great,
 We'll see him take a private seat,
 And make his Mansion in the milde
 And milky Soul of a soft Child.

Scarce had she learnt to Lisp a name
 Of Martyr, yet she thinks it shame
 Life should so long play with that Breath,
 Which spent can buy so brave a Death.

She never undertook to know,
 What Death with Love should have to doe.

Nor

Nor hath she e'r yet understood,
 Why to show Love she should shed Blood;
 Yet though she cannot tell you why,
 She can Love and she can Dye.

Scarce had she Blood enough, to make
 A guilty Sword blush for her sake;
 Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove,
 How much less strong is Death then Love.

Be love but there, let poor six years,
 Be pos'd with the maturest Fears
 Man trembles at, we straight shall find
 Love knows no nonage, nor the Mind.
 'Tis Love, not Years, or Limbs, that can
 Make the Martyr or the Man.

Love toucht her Heart, and loe it beats
 High, and burns with such brave heats:
 Such thirst to die, as dare drink up
 A thousand cold Deaths in one Cup:
 Good reason, for she breaths all fire,
 Her weak Brest heaves with strong desire,
 Of what she may with fruitless wishes
 Seek for, amongst her Mothers Kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
 She'll travel to a Martyrdome,
 No home for her confesses she,
 But where she may a Martyr be.

She'll to the Moors, and Trade with them,
 For this unvalued Diadem;
 She offers them her dearest Breath,
 With Christs name in't in change for Death:
 She'll bargain with them, and will give
 Them God, and teach them how to live

In him, or if they this denie,
 For him, she'll teach them how to die.
 So shall she leave amongst them sown,
 Her Lords Blood, or at least her own.

Farewel then all the World, adieu,
Teresa is no more for you:
 Farewel all pleasures, sports, and joyes,
 Never till now esteemed toyes:
 Farewell, whatever dear may be,
 Mothers Arms, or Fathers Knee:
 Farewel House, and Farewel Home
 She's for the Moors and Martyrdome.

Sweet not so fast, Loe thy fair Spouse,
 Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows
 Calls thee back, and bids thee come,
 T' embrace a milder Martyrdome.

Blest pow'rs forbid, thy tender life
 Should bleed upon a barbarous knife.
 Or some base hand have power to rase,
 Thy Breasts chaste Cabinet; and uncase
 A Soul kept there so sweet; O no,
 Wise Heaven will never have it so:
 Thou art Love's victim, and must dye
 A death more mystical and high:
 Into Loves hand thou shalt let fall,
 A still surviving Funeral.

He is the Dart must make the death,
 Whose stroke will taste thy hallowed Breath;
 A Dart thrice dipt in that rich flame,
 Which writes thy Spouses radiant name:

Upon

64
Step to the Temple.
Upon the roof of Heaven where ay
It shines, and with a Sovereign ray,
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls, which in that names sweet graces,

Find everlasting smiles; so Rare,
So Spiritual, Pure and Fair,
Must be the immortal instrument,
Upon whose choice point shall be spent,
A life so lov'd, and that there be
Fit Executioners for thee.
The fairest, and the first-born Loves of fire,
Blest Seraphims shall leave their Quire,
And turn Loves soldiers upon thee,
To exercise their Archery.

O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain?
Of intollerable joyes?
Of a death in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain!
And lives and dies, and knows not why
To live, but that he still may dye.

How kindly will thy gentle Heart,
Kisse the sweetly—killing Dart:
And close in his Embraces keep,
Those delicious wounds that weep
Balsome, to heal themselves with thus;
When these thy Deaths so numerous,
Shall all at once dye into one,
And melt thy soules sweet Mansion:

Like

Like a soft Lump of Incense, halted
 By too hot a fire, and waited,
 Into perfuming Clouds, So fast
 Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last,
 In a dissolving sigh, and then

O what ! ask not the Tongues of men ;

Angels cannot tell, suffice,
 Thy self shalt feel thine own full joyes,
 And hold them fast for ever there,
 So soon as thou shalt first appear
 The Moon of Maiden Stars ; thy white
 Mistress attended by such bright
 Souls as thy shining self shall come,
 And in her first ranks make thee room,
 Where 'mongst her snowy Family,
 Immortal welcomes wait on thee.
 O what delight when she shall stand,
 And teach thy Lips Heaven, with her hand,
 On which thou now may'st to thy wishes,
 Heap up thy consecrated Kisses.
 What joy shall seize thy Soul when she
 Bending her Blessed Eyes on thee
 Those second smiles of Heaven shall dart
 Her mild Rays, through thy melting heart :

Angels thy old friends there shall greet thee,
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee,
 All thy good Works which went before
 And waited for thee at the Door
 Shall own thee there : and all in one
 Weave a Constellation
 Of Crowns, with which the King thy spouse,
 Shall build up thy triumphant Brows.

All thy old Woes shall now smile on thee,
 And thy pains set bright upon thee :
 All thy sorrows here shall shine,
 And thy sufferings be Divine.
 Tears shall take Comfort, and turn Gems,
 And wrongs repent to Diadems.
 Even thy deaths shall live, and new
 Dress the soul, which late they flew.
 Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars,
 As keep account of the Lambs wars.

Those rare Works, where thou shalt leave Writ,
 Loves Noble History, with Wit
 Taught thee by none but him, while here
 They feed our souls, shall cloath thine there.
 Each Heavenly Word, by whose hid flame
 Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
 Shall flourish on thy Brows ; and be
 Both Fire to us, and Flame to thee :
 Whose Light shall live bright, in thy face
 By Glory, in our Hearts by Grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see
 Thousands of crown'd Souls, throng to be
 Themselves thy Crown, Sons of thy Nows :
 The Virgin Births with which thy Spouse
 Made fruitful thy fair soul ; Go now
 And with them all about thee, bow
 To him, put on (he'll say) put on
 My Rosy Love, that thy rich Zone,
 Sparkling with the sacred Flames,
 Of thousand souls whose happy names,
 Heaven keeps upon thy score, thy bright
 Life brought them first to kiss the Light.

That

That kindled them to stars, and so
 Thou with the Lamb thy Lord shall't goe.
 And where so e'r he sits, his white
 Steps walk with him those ways of Light.
 Which who in death would live to see,
 Must learn in life to dye like thee.

*An Apology for the precedent Hymn, as ha-
 ving been writ when the Author
 was yet a Protestant.*

Thus have I back again to thy bright name,
 Fair sea of Holy fires, transfus'd the Flame
 took from reading thee, 'tis to thy wrong
 know that in my weak and worthless song
 Thou here art set to shine, where thy full day
 scarce dawns, O pardon, if I dare to say
 Thine own dear Books are guilty, for from thence
 Learnt to know that Love is Eloquence :
 That Heavenly Maxim gave me heart to try
 what to other Tongues is Tun'd so high
 Thy praise might not speak *English* too, forbid
 By all thy Mysteries that there lye hid ;)
 forbid it Mighty Love, let no fond hate
 Of Names and Words so far prejudicate ;
 souls are not *Spaniards* too, one friendly Flood
 Of Baptisme, blends them all into one Blood.
 Christs Faith makes but one body of all souls,
 And loves that Bodies Soul ; no Law controuls
 Our free Trafick, for Heaven we may maintain
 peace sure with Piety, though it dwell in *Spain*.
 What Soul soever in any Language can
 speak Heav'n like hers, is my Souls countrey-man.

O 'Tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heaven she speaks,
 'Tis Heaven that lies in Ambush there, and breaks
 From thence into the wondring Readers Brest,
 Who finds his warm heart hatch into a nest
 Of little Eagles and young Loves, whose high
 Flights scorn the Lazie Dust, and things that dye,
 There are enow whose Draughts as deep as Hell
 Drink up all *Spain* in Sack, let my Soul swell
 With thee strong Wine of Love, let others swim
 In puddles, we will pledge this Seraphim
 Bowls full of richer Blood then blush of Grape
 Was ever guilty of, change we our shape,
 My soul, some drink from Men to Beasts; Other,
 Drink we till we prove more, not less then Men:
 And turn not Beasts, but Angels. Let the King,
 Me ever into these his Cellars bring;
 Where flows such Wine as we can have of none
 But him who trode the Wine-press all alone:
 Wine of Youths life, and the sweet deaths of Love,
 Wine of immortal mixture, which can prove
 Its Tincture from the Rosie Nest ur, Wine
 That can exalt weak Earth, and so refine
 Our Dust, that in one Draught, Mortality
 May drink it self up, and forget to dye.

On a Treatise of Charity.

Rise then, immortal Maid! *Religion* rise!
 Put on thy self in thine own looks: t' our Eyes
 Be what thy Beauties, not our blots, have made thee;
 Such as (e'r our dark sins to Dust betray'd thee)
 Heav'n set thee down new drest, when thy bright Birth
 Shot thee like Lightning to th' astonish'd Earth.

From

From th' dawn of thy fair Eye-lids wipe away
 Dull Mists and melancholly Clouds : take day
 And thine own Beams about thee : bring the best
 Of whatsoe'r perfum'd thy *Eastern Nest*.
 Girt all thy Glories to thee : then sit down,
 Open this Book, fair Queen, *and take thy Crown*.
 These learned Leaves shall vindicate to thee
 Thy Holiest, Humblest, Handmaid, Charity ;
 She'l dress thee like thy self, set thee on high
 Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each Eye.
 Lo where I see thy offerings wake, and rise
 From the pale Dust of that strange Sacrifice
 which they themselves were ; each one putting on
 A Majesty that may beseem thy Throne.
 The Holy Youth of Heav'n whose Golden Rings
 Girt round thy awful Altars with bright wings
 Fanning thy fair Locks (which the World believes
 As much as fees) shall with these sacred Leaves
 Trick their tall Plumes, and in that garb shall go
 If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho.

—— Be it enacted then

By the fair Laws of thy firm-pointed Pen,
 Gods services no longer shall put on :

A sluttishness, for pure Religion :

No longer shall our Churches frighted stones
 Lie scatter'd like the Burnt and Martyr'd bones
 Of dead Devotion ; nor faint Marbles weep
 In their sad Ruines ; nor Religion keep
 A melancholly Mansion in those cold

Urns ; Like Gods Sanctuaries they lookt of old :

Now seem they Temples consecrate to none,

Or to a new God *Desolation* :

No more the Hypocrite shall th' *upright* be

Because he's stiff, and will confess no Knee :

While others bend their Knee, no more shalt thou
 (Disdainful Dust and Ashes) bend thy Brow;
 Nor on Gods Altar cast *two scorching Eyes*
 Bak't in hot scorn, for a *burnt Sacrifice*;
 But (for a *Lamb*) thy tame and tender *Heart*
 New struck by Love, still trembling on his Dart;
 Or (for two *Turtle Doves*) it shall suffice
 To bring a pair of meek and humble *Eyes*
 This shall from henceforth be the Masculine Theme
 Pulpits and Pens shall sweat in; to redeem
 Vertue to Action, that Life-feeding flame
 That keeps Religion warm: not swell a *name*
 Of faith, a *Mountain word*, made up of Air,
 With those dear spoils that wont to dress the Fair
 And fruitful Charities full Breasts (of old)
 Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
 What can the Poor hope from us? when we be
Uncharitable ev'n to Charity.

*On the Glorious Assumption of the
 Blessed Virgin.*

Hark she is call'd, the parting hour is come,
 Take thy farwel poor world, heaven must go home.
 A piece of Heavenly Light purer and brighter (her
 Then the chaste stars whose choice Lamps come to light
 While through the Chrystal Orbs clearer then they
 She climbs and makes a far more Milky way;
 She's call'd again, hark how th' immortal Dove
 Sighs to his Silver Mate: rise up my Love,
 Rise up my fair, my spotless one,
 The Winter's past, the Rain is gone:

The Spring is come, the Flowers appear,
No Sweets, since thou art wanting here.

Come away my Love,
Come away my Dove,
 cast off delay:
The Court of Heav'n is come,
To wait upon thee home ;
 Come away, come away.

She's cal'd again, and will she goe;
When Heaven bids come, who can say no?
Heav'n calls her, and she must away,
Heaven will not, and she cannot stay.
Goe then, goe (Glorious) on the Golden wings
Of the bright youth of Heav'n, that sings
Under so sweet a burden: go,
Since thy great Son will have it so:
And while thou go'st, our song and we,
Will as we may reach after thee.
Hail Holy Queen of humble Hearts,
We in thy praise will have our parts;
And though thy dearest looks must now be light
To none but the blest Heavens, whose bright
Beholders lost in sweet delight
Feed for ever their fair sight
With those Divineſt Eyes, which we
And our dark World no more shall see,
Though our poor joys are parted so,
Yet shall our Lips never let go
Thy Gracious Name. but to the laſt,
Our loving Song ſhall hold it faſt.

Thy ſacred Name ſhall be
Thy ſelf to us, and we

With Holy cares will keep it by us,
 We to the last
 Will hold it fast,
 And no Assumptiyn shall deny us.
 All the sweetest Showers,
 Of our fairest Flowers
 Will we strow upon it :
 Though our sweetness cannot make
 It sweeter, they may take
 Themselves new sweetness from it.

Maria, Men and Angels sing,
Maria Mother of our King.
 Live rarest Princess, and may the bright
 Crown of a most incomparable Light
 Embrace thy radiant Brows, O may the best
 Of everlasting joys bath thy white Brest.
 Live our chaste Love, the Holy Mirth
 Of Heaven, and Humble Pride of Earth :
 Live Crown of Women, Queen of Men :
 Live Mistress of our Song, and when
 Our weak desires have done their best,
 Sweet Angels come, and sing the rest.

*An Hymn on the Circumcision of
 our Lord.*

Rise thou best and brightest morning,
 Rosie with a double Red ;
 With thine own Blush thy Cheeks adorning,
 And the dear Drops this day were shed,

All the Purple pride of Laces,
 The crimson Curtains of thy Bed;
 Guild thee not with so sweet Graces,
 Nor sets thee in so rich a Red.

Of all the fair Cheek-Flowers that fill thee,
 None so fair thy Bosom strows,
 As this modest Maiden Lilly
 Our Sins have sham'd into a Rose.

Bid the Golden God the Sun,
 Burnisht in his Glorious Beams
 Put all his Red eyed Rubies on,
 These Rubies shall put out his eyes.

Let him make poor the Purple East,
 Rob the rich Store her Cabinets keep,
 The pure birth of each sparkling nest
 That flaming in their fair Bed sleep.

Let him embrace his own bright Tresses
 With a new morning made of Gems;
 And wear in them his wealthy dresses,
 Another day of Diadems.

When he hath done all he may,
 To make himself Rich in his rise,
 All will be darkness, to the day
 That breaks from one of these fair eyes.

And soon the sweet Truth shall appear,
 Dear Babe e'r many days be done :
 The Moon shall come to meet thee here,
 And leave the long adored Sun.

Thy Nobler Beauty shall bereave him,
 Of all his Eastern Paramours;
 His Persian Lovers all shall leave him,
 And swear Faith to thy sweeter powers.

Nor while they leave him shall they lose the Sun,
 But in thy fairest Eyes find two for one.

On Hope.

*By way of Question and Answer, between
 A. Cowley and R. Crashaw.*

Cowley.

Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is
 Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss,
 Whom Ill and Good doth equally confound,
 And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound,
 Vain shadow ! that doth vanish quite
 Both at full Noon, and perfect Night.
 The Fates have not a possibility
 Of Blessing thee.
 If things then from their ends we happy call,
 'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Crashaw.

Dear Hope ! Earth's Dowry, and Heaven's Debt,
 The Entity of things that are not yet.
 Subt'lest, but surest Being ! Thou by whom
 Our Nothing hath a Definition.

Fair cloud of Fire, both Shade and Light,
 Our Life in Death, our Day in Night.
 Fates cannot find out a capacity
 Of hurting thee.

From thee their thinn Dilemma with blunt Horn
 Shrinks, like the sick Moon at the wholesome morn.

Cowley.

Hope, thou bold taster of Delight,
 Who, instead of doing so, devour'st it quite.
 Thou bring'st us an Estate, yet leav'st us poor,
 By clogging it with Legacies before.

The joys which we intire should wed,
 Come deflour'd Virgins to our Bed :
 Good Fortunes without Gain imported be,
 So mighty Custome's paid to thee.
 For Joy, like Wine kept close, doth better taste ;
 If it take Air before its spirits waste.

Crashaw.

Thou art Loves Legacy under Lock
 Of Faith : the Steward of our growing stock.
 Our Crown-Lands lie above, yet each Meal brings
 A seemly Portion for the Sons of Kings.

Nor will the Virgin-joys we wed
 Come less unbroken to our Bed,
 Because that from the Bridal Cheek of Bliss,
 Thou thus steal'st down a distant Kiss;
 Hopes chaste Kiss wrongs no more joys Maidenhead,
 Then Spousal Rites prejudge the Marriage-bed.

Cowley.

Cowley.

Hope, Fortunes cheating Lottery,
 Where for one Prize an hundred Blanks there be,
 Fond Archer Hope, who tak'st thine aim so farre,
 That still, or short or wide, thine Arrows are.
 Thine empty Cloud the Eye it self deceives
 With shapes that our own Fancy gives:
 A Cloud, which Gilt and Painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in Tears.
 When thy false Beams o'r Reasons light prevail,
 By *ignes fatui* not North Stars we fail.

Crashaw.

Fair *Hope*! our earlier Heaven by thee
 Young *Time* is tastet to Eternity.
 The generous Wine with Age grows strong, not sower,
 Nor need we kill thy Fruit to smell thy Flower.
 Thy Golden Head never hangs down,
 Till in the Lap of Loves full noon
 It falls and dyes: oh no, it melts away
 As doth the dawn into the day:
 As lumps of Sugar lose themselves, and twine
 Their subtle Essence with the soul of Wine.

Cowley.

Brother of Fear! more gaily clad,
 The merrier fool o'th' two, yet quite as mad,
 Sire of Repentance! Shield of fond desire,
 That blows the Chymicks, and the Lovers fire,

Still

Still leading them insensibly on,
 With the strange Witchcraft of *Anon*?
 By thee the one doth changing Nature through
 Her endless Labyrinths pursue,
 And th' other chases woman, while she goes
 More ways, and turns, then hunted Nature knows.

Crashaw.

Fortune alas above the Worlds Law wars:
Hope kicks the curl'd Heads of conspiring Stars.
 Her Keel cuts not the Waves, where our winds stirre,
 And *Fate's* whole Lottery is one blank to her.
 Her shafts and she fly farre above,
 And forrage in the Fields of Light, and Love,
 Sweet *Hope*! kind Cheat! fair Fallacy! by thee
 We are not where, or what we be,
 But what, and where we would: thus art thou
 Our absent presence, and our future now.

Crashaw:

Faith's Sister! Nurse of fair desire!
 Fears Antidote! a wise, and well stay'd fire
 Temper'd 'twixt cold despair and torrid joy:
 Queen Regent in young Loves Minority.
 Though the vext Chymick vainly chases
 His fugitive Gold through all her faces,
 And loves more fierce, more fruitless fires assay
 One Face more fugitive then all they,
 True *Hope's* a glorious Huntress, and her chase
 The God of Nature in the Field of Grace.

THE

THE
DELIGHTS
OF THE
MUSES.
OR,

*Other Poems written on several
occasions.*

By RICHARD CRASHAW.

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agas.*

THE
DELIGHTS
OF THE
MUSES.
OR,

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occasions.

BY RICHARD CRASHAW.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

The man perceiv'd his Rival, and her Art



Of choice Muses, and a Poet's Art

He highly priz'd, and every Muse

Charg'd with his Rival, and the show

Of choice Muses, and a Poet's Art

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THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES.

Musick's Duel.

NOW *Westward Sol* had spent the richest Beams
Of Noons high Glory, when hard by the stream
Of *Tiber*, on the Scene of a green Plain,
Under protection of an Oak; there sat
A sweet Lutes-Master: in whose gentle Air
He lost the Days heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the Leaves there stood
A Nightingale come from the Neighbouring Wood
The sweet Inhabitant of each glad Tree,
Their Muse, their *Siren*, harmless *Siren* she
There stood she listning and did entertain
The Musick's soft report: and mold the same
In her own Murmurs, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good:

82 *The Delights of the Muses.*

The man perceiv'd his Rival, and her Art,
 Dispos'd to give the Light-foot Lady sport
 Awakes his Lute, and 'gainst the Fight to come
 Informs it, in a sweet *Preludium*
 Of closer strains, and e'r the War begin,
 He lightly skirmishes on every string
 Charg'd with a flying touch, and streight way she
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
 Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd Tones,
 And reckons up in soft divisions
 Quick Volumes of wild Notes; to let him know
 By that shrill Taste, she could do something too.
 His nimble hands instant then taught each string
 A cap'ring cheerfulness; and made them sing
 To their own dance; now negligently rash
 He throws his Arm and with a long drawn dash
 Blends all together, then distinctly trips
 From this to that, then quick returning skips
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.
 She measures every Measure, every where
 Meets Art with Art; sometimes as if in doubt
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
 Trails her plain Ditty in one long span Note,
 Through the sleek passage of her open Throat:
 A clear unwrinkled song, then doth she point it
 With tender Accents, and severely joynt it
 By short diminutives, that being rear'd
 In contraverting warbles evenly shar'd,
 With her sweet self she wrangles; he amaz'd
 That from so small a Channel should be rais'd
 The Torrent of a voice, whose melody
 Could melt into such sweet variety,
 Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare Art
 The fading strings (each breathing in his part)

Most kindly do fall out, the grumbling Base
Unfurly Groans disdains the Trebles Grace;
The high-perch'd Treble chirps at this, and chides;
Until his Finger (Moderarour) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill, at once; as when the Trumpets call
Hot *Mars* to th' Harvest of Deaths Field, and woo
Mens hearts into their hands; this Lesson too
She gives him back, her supple Brest thrills out
Sharp Airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'r her skill,
And folds in wav'd Notes with a trembling Bill,
The plyant Series of her slippery Song,
Then starts she suddenly into a Throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thundering Volleys float,
And roul themselves over her Lubrick Throat
In panting Murmurs, still'd out of her Breast
That ever-bubbling Spring, the sugred Nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lye
Bathing in streams of liquid Melodie;
Musicks best Seed-plot; when in ripen'd Airs
A Golden-headed Harvest fairly rears
His Honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her Breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soyl it seems a Holy Quire
Founded to th' Name of great *Apollo's* Lyre;
Whose Silver-roof rings with the sprightly Notes
Of sweet-Lip'd Angel-Imps, that swill their Throats
In Cream of morning *Helicon*, and then
Preserr soft Anthems to the Ears of Men,
To woo them from their Beds, still murmuring
That Men can sleep while they their Mattens sing:
(Most Divine Service) whose so early lay
Prevents the Eye-lids of the blushing day.

There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noise;
 And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
 Still keeping in the forward Stream, so long
 Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
 Heaves her soft Bosome, wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty Earthquake in her Brest,
 Till the fledg'd Notes at length forsake their Nest;
 Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the Sky
 Wing'd with their own wild Echo's prating fly.
 She opes the Floodgate, and lets loose a Tide
 Of streaming Sweetness which in State doth ride
 On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
 Rising and falling in a pompous Train;
 And while she thus discharges a shrill Peal
 Of flashing Airs, she qualifies their Zeal
 With the cool Epode of a graver Noat
 Thus high, thus low, as if her Silver Throat
 Would reach the Brazen voice of Wars hoarse Bird;
 Her little soul is ravish'd: and so pour'd
 Into loose extasies, that she is plac'd
 Above her self, Musicks *Enthusiast*.

Shame now and Anger mixt a double stain
 In the Musicians face; yet once again
 (Mistress) I come; now reach a strain my Lute
 Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
 Or Tune a Song of victory to me,
 Or to thy self sing thine own Obsequie;
 So said, his hands sprightly as Fire he flings,
 And with a quavering coyness taks the strings:
 The sweet-Lip'd Sisters Musically frighted,
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
 Trembling as when *Apollo's* Golden Hairs
 Are fan'd and frizled in the wanton Airs

Of his own Breath, which married to his lyre (higher;
Doth Tune the *Spheres* and make Heavens self look
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Musicks pulse in all her Arteries,
Caught in a Net which there *Apollo* spreads,
His Fingers struggle with the vocal Threads,
Following those little Rills, he sinks into
A Sea of *Helicon*; his Hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with *Nectar* d. op,
Softer then that which pants in *Hebe's* Cup:
The humourous strings expound his Learned touch
By various Glosses; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
In shrill-tongu'd Accents, striving to be single;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new Grace; thus doth h' invoke
Sweetness by all her Names; thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a Fury so harmonious)
The Lutes light *Genius* now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swoln Rapsodies,
Whose flourish (Meteor-like) doth curl the Air
With flash of high-born Fancies here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling Murmurs melting in wilde Airs
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet Cares;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In Musick's ravish't soul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the World: thus do they vary,
Each string his Note, as if they meant to carry
Their Masters blest soul, (snatcht out at his Ears
By a strong Extasy) through all the *Spheres*
Of Musicks Heaven; and seat it there on high
In *Empyraum* of pure Harmony.

At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety attending on
His Fingers fairest Revolution,
In many a sweet Rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd *Diapason* swallows all.

This done, he lifts what she would say to this,
And she, although her Breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender Throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a Note;
Alas ! in vain ! for while (sweet soul) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities,
Of charr'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, rais'd in a Natural Tone;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies;
She dies, and leaves her life the Victor's prize,
Falling upon his Lute; O fit to have
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a Grave !

Upon the Death of a Gentleman.

FAithless and fond Mortality,
Who will ever credit thee?
Fond and faithless thing ! that thus,
In our best hopes beguilest us.
What a reckoning halt thou made,
Of the hopes in him we laid?
For Life by Volumes lengthened,
A Line or two, to speak him dead.
For the Laurel in his verse,
The sullen Cypresse o'r his Herse,

For a silver-crowned Head,
A dirty Pillow in Death's Bed.
For so dear, so deep a Trust,
Sad requital, thus much Dust!
Now though the blow that snatcht him hence,
Stopt the Mouth of Eloquence,
Though she be dumb e'r since his Death,
Not us'd to speak but in his Breath;
Yet if at least she not denies,
The sad Language of our Eyes,
We are contented: for then this
Language none more fluent is,
Nothing speaks our Grief so well
As to speak nothing: Come then tell
Thy mind in Tears who e'r thou be,
That ow't a Name to Misery;
Eyes are Vocal, Tears have Tongues,
And there be words not made with Lungs;
Sententious Showers, O let them fall,
Their cadence is Rhetorical.
Here's a Theme will drink th' expence
Of all thy watry Eloquence;
Weep then, onely be exprest
Thus much, *He's Dead*, and Weep the rest.

Upon the Death of Mr. Herrys,

A Plant of Noble Stemme, forward and fair,
As ever whisper'd to the Morning Air,
Thriv'd in these happy Grounds, the Earths just pride,
Whose rising Glories made such haste to hide

His Head in Clonds, as if in him alone
 Impatient Nature had taught Motion
 To start from Time, and cheerfully to fly
 Before, and seize upon Maturity
 Thus grew this gracious Plant, in whose sweet shade,
 The Sun himself oft wish'd to sit, and made
 The morning Muses perch like Birds, and sing
 Among his Branches, yea, and vow'd to bring
 His own delicious Phoenix from the Blest
Arabia, there to build her Virgin Nest
 To hatch her self in, 'mongst his Leaves, the Day
 Fresh from the Rosie East-rejoyc't to play:
 To them she gave the first and fairest Beam
 That waited on her Birth, she gave to them
 The purest Pearls, that wept her Evening Death,
 The balmy *Zephus* got so sweet a Breath
 By often kissing them, and now begun
 Glad time to ripen expectation:
 The timerous Maiden-Blossomes on each Bough,
 Peept forth from their first blushes: so that now
 A Thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each Bud,
 And flatter'd every greedy Eye that stood
 Fixt in Delight, as if already there
 Those rare Fruits dangled, whence the Golden year
 His Crown expected, when (O Fate, O Time
 That seldom lett'st a blushing youthful Prime
 Hide his hot Beams in shade of silver Age,
 So rare is hoary vertue) the dire Rage
 Of a mad storm these bloomy joyes all tore,
 Ravisht the Maiden Blossomes, and down bore
 The Trunk; yet in this Ground his precious Root
 Still lives, which when weak Time shall be pour'd out
 Into Eternity, and circular joys
 Dance in an endless round, again shall rise

The fair Son of an ever-youthful Spring,
To be a shade for Angels while they sing,
Mean while, who e'r thou art that passest here,
O do thou water it with one kind Tear.

Upon the Death of the most desired Mr. Henrys.

Death, what dost? O hold thy blow,
What thou dost thou dost not know.
Death thou must not here be cruel,
This is Natures choicest Jewel,
This is he in whose rare frame,
Nature labour'd for a Name;
And meant to leave his precious Feature,
The pattern of a perfect Creature.
Joy of Goodness, Love of Art,
Vertue wears him next her Heart;
Him the Muses love to follow,
Him they call their Vice-Apollo
Apollo Golden though thou be,
Th' art not fairer then is he.
Nor more lovely list'st thy head,
Blushing from thine Eastern Bed,
The Glories of thy Youth ne'r knew
Brighter hopes then he can shew;
Why then should it e'r be seen,
That his should Fade while thine is Green?
And wilt Thou, (O cruel boast!)
Put poor Nature to such cost?
O 'twill undoe our common Mother,
To be at charge of such another:
What? think we to no other end,
Gracious Heavens do use to send

Earth

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Earth her best perfection,
But to vanish and be gone?
Therefore only give to day,
To morrow to be snatcht away?
I've seen indeed the hopeful Bud,
Of a ruddy Rose that stood
Blushing to behold the Ray
Of the new saluted Day,
(His tender Top not fully spread)
The sweet dash of a shower now fled,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the Purple pride
Of his forward Flower, when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to show
His swelling Glories, *Auster* spide him,
Cruel *Auster* thither hy'd him,
And with the rush of one rude blast,
Sham'd not spitefully to wast
All his Leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I've seen the Mornings lovely Ray,
Hover o'r the new-born Day,
With Rosie wings so richly Bright,
As if he scorn'd to think of Night,
When a ruddy storm whose scowl
Made Heavens radiant face look foul,
Call'd for an untimely Night,
To blot the newly blossom'd Light.
But were the Roses blush so rare,
Were the Mornings smile so fair
As is he, nor Cloud nor Wind
But would be courteous, would be kind,
Spare him, Death, O spare him then,
Spare the sweetest among men:

Let

Let not pitty with her Tears,
 Keep such distance from thine Ears;
 But O thou wilt not, canst not spare,
 Hastethath never time to hear;
 Therefore if he needs must go,
 And the Fates will have it so,
 Softly may he be posselt,
 Of his monumental Rest,
 Safe, thou dark home of the dead,
 Safe O hide his loved head,
 For Pitties sake O hide him quite,
 From his Mother Natures sight:
 Left, for the Grief his loss may move,
 All her Births Abortive prove.

Another.

IF ever Pitty were acquainted
 With sterne Death, if e're he fainted,
 Or forgot the cruell vigor,
 Of an Adamantine rigour,
 Here, o here we should have known it,
 Here or no where he'd have shown it,
 For he whose pretious memory,
 Bathes in tears of every eye:
 He to whom our sorrow brings
 All the streams of all her springs,
 Was so rich in Grace and Nature,
 In all the gifts that bless a Creature,
 The fresh hopes of his lovely Youth
 Flourisht in so fair a growth.
 So sweet the Temple was, that shrin'd
 The Sacred sweetness of his mind.

That

That could the Fates know to relent ;
 Could they know what Mercy meant ?
 Or had ever learnt to bear,
 The soft Tincture of a Tear ?
 Tears would now have flow'd so deep,
 As might have taught Grief how to weep ;
 Now all their steely Operation,
 Would quite have lost the cruel fashion :
 Sicknes would have gladly been,
 Sick himself to have sav'd him :
 And his Feaver wish't to prove
 Burning onely in his Love ;
 Him when wrath it self had seen,
 Wrath its self had lost his spleen ;
 Grim destruction here amaz'd,
 In stead of striking would have gaz'd ;
 Even the Iron-pointed Pen,
 That notes the Tragick Dooms of men
 Wet with Tears still'd from the Eyes,
 Of the flinty Destinies,
 Would have learnt a softer style,
 And have been asham'd to spoil
 His Lives sweet story, by the hast,
 Of a cruel stop ill plac'd.
 In the dark Volume of our Fate,
 Whence each Leaf of Life hath Date,
 Where in sad particulars,
 The total sum of Man appears ;
 And the short clause of Mortal Breath,
 Bound in the period of Death :
 In all the Book if any where
 Such a Term as this, *spare here*,
 Could have been found, 'twould have been read,
 Writ in white Letters on his head :

Or close unto his name annex,
The fair gloss of a fairer Text.
In brief, if any one were free,
He was that one, and onely he.

But he alas ! even he is dead
And our hopes fair Harvest spread
In the Dust; Pity now spend
All the Tears that Grief can lend :
Sad Mortality may hide,
In his Ashesall her pride,
With this Inscription o'r his head;
All hope of never dying here lies dead.

His Epitaph.

Passenger who e'r thou art,
Stay a while and let thy Heart
Take acquaintance of this stone,
Before thou passest further on;
This stone will tell thee that beneath,
Is entomb'd the Crime of Death;
The ripe endowments of whose mind,
Left his years so much behind,
That numbring of his Vertues Praise,
Death lost the reckoning of his Days;
And believing what they told,
Imagin'd him exceeding old;
In him perfection did set forth,
The strength of her United worth;
Him his wisdomes pregnant growth
Made so Reverend, even in Youth,
That in the Center of his Brest
(Sweet as is the *Phanix* Nest)

Every

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Every reconcil'd Grace
 Had their general meeting place;
 In him goodness joy'd to see
 Learning learn Humility;
 The splendor of his Birth and Blood,
 Was but the Gloss of his own Good,
 The flourish of his sober Youth
 Was the pride of Naked Truth:
 In composure of his Face
 Liv'd a fair, but Manly Grace;
 His Mouth was Rhetorick's best Mold,
 His Tongue the Touchstone of her Gold;
 What Word so e'r his Breath kept warm,
 Was no Word now but a Charm:
 For all persuasive Graces thence
 Suckt their sweetest Influence;
 His Vertue that within had root,
 Could not choose but shine without;
 And th' Heart-bred Lustre of his worth,
 At each corner peeping forth,
 Pointed him out in all his ways,
 Circled round in his own Rays:
 That to his sweetness all mens Eyes
 Were vow'd Loves flaming Sacrifice.

Him while fresh and fragrant Time
 Cherisht in his Golden Prime;
 E're *Hebe's* Hand had overlaid
 His smooth Cheeks with a Downy shade;
 The rush of Deaths puruly Wave,
 Swept him off into his Grave.

Enough, now (if thou canst) pass on,
 For now (alas) not in this stone
 (Passenger who e're thou art)
 Is he entomb'd, but in thy Heart,

*An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, who die
and were buried together.*

TO these, whom Death again did Wed,
This Grave's the second Marriage-Bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
Twixt Soul and Body a divorce:
It could not sever Man and Wife,
Because they both liv'd but one Life;
Peace, good Reader, do not weep;
Peace, the Lovers are asleep;
They (sweet Turtles) folded lye,
In the last knot that Love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the Eternal Morrow dawn;
Then the Curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a Light,
Whose Day shall never dye in Night.

An Epitaph upon Doctor Brook.

A Brook whose Stream so Great, so Good,
Was Lov'd, was Honour'd as a Flood,
Whose Banks the Muses dwelt upon,
More then their own *Helicon*,
Here at length hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground;
Mean while his loved Banks, now dry,
The Muses with their Tears supply.

Upon

Upon Mr. Staninough's Death.

DEAR Relicks of a dislodg'd Soul, whose lack
 Makes many a mourning Paper put on black;
 O stay a while e're thou draw in thy Head,
 And wind thy self up close in thy cold Bed;
 Stay but a little while, until I call
 A summons, worthy of thy Funeral. (Power)
 Come then Youth, Beauty, and Blood, all ye soft
 Whose filken Flatteries swell a few fond hours
 Into a false Eternity, come Man,
 (Hyperbolized nothing!) know thy span;
 Take thine own Measure here, down, down, and bow
 Before thy self in thy Idra, thou
 Huge emptiness contract thy Bulk, and shrink
 All thy wild Circle to a point! O sink
 Lower, and lower yet, till thy small size,
 Call Heaven to look on thee with narrow Eyes;
 Lesser and lesser yet, till thou begin
 To show a Face fit to confess thy Kin
 Thy Neighbour-hood to nothing! here put on
 Thy self in this unfeign'd reflexion;
 Here gallant Ladies this impartial Glass
 (Through all your painting) shows you your own face.
 These Death-sca'd Lips are they dare give the lye,
 To the proud hopes of poor Mortality.
 These Curtain'd Windows, this self-prison'd Eye,
 Out-stares the Lids of large-lookt Tyranny;
 This posture is the brave one; this that lies
 Thus low, stands up (me thinks) thus, and defies
 The World--- All daring Dust and Ashes, onely you
 Of all Interpreters read Nature true,

*Upon the Duke of York's Birth.
A Panegyrick.*

B*ritain*, the Mighty Ocean's lovely Bride, (wide
Now stretch thy self (fair Isle) and grow, spread
Thy Bosome and make room; thou art oppress'd
With thine own Glories: and art strangely Blest
Beyond thy self: for lo! the Gods the Gods
Come fast upon thee, and those Glorious ods,
Swell thy full Glories to a pitch so high,
As sits above thy best Capacity.

Are they not Ods? and Glorious? that to thee
Those mighty *Genii* throng, which well might be
Each one an Ages labour, that thy days
Are Guilded with the Union of those Rays,
Whose each divided Beam would be a Sun,
To glad the Sphear of any Nation.

O if for these thou meantst to find a seat,
Th'ast need, O *Britain* to be truly Great.
And so thou art, their presence makes thee so,
They are thy Greatness; Gods where e're they go
Bring their Heaven with them, their great footsteps
An everlasting smile upon the face (place

Of the glad Earth they tread on, while with thee
Those Beams that amplify Mortality,
And teach it to expatiate, and swell

To Majestie and fulness deign to dwell;
Thou by thy self mayst sit, (Blest Isle) and see
How thy Great Mother Nature doats on thee:
Hence therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,
And seem'd to make an Isle, but made a World.

Great *Charles*! thou sweet Dawn of a Glorious day,
 Center of those thy Grandfires shall I say
Henry and *James*, or *Mars* and *Phœbus* rather?
 If this were Wisdom's God, that War's stern Father,
 'Tis but the same is said, *Henry* and *James*
 Are *Mars* and *Phœbus* under divers Names.
 O thou full mixture of those mighty souls,
 Whose vast intelligences run'd the Poles
 Of Peace and War; thou for whose Manly Brow
 Both Laurels twine into one Wreath, and woove
 To be thy Garland; see (sweet Prince) O see
 Thou and the lovely hopes that smile in thee
 Are ta'ne out, and transcrib'd by thy Great Mother,
 See, see thy real shadow, see thy Brother,
 Thy little self in less, read in these Eyne
 The Beams that dance in those full Stars of thine.
 From the same snowy Alabaster Rock
 These hands and thine were hew'n, these Cherrys mock
 The Coral of thy Lips. Thou art of all
 This well-wrought Copy the fair Principal.

Justly, Great Nature, may'st thou brag and tell
 How ev'n th'ast drawn this faithful Parallel,
 And matcht thy Master-peece: O then go on
 Make such another sweet comparison,
 See'st thou that *Mary* there? O teach her Mother
 To shew her to her self in such another:
 Fellow this wonder too, nor let her shine
 Alone, Light such another Star, and twine
 Their Rosie Beams, so that the Morn for one
Venus, may have a Constellation.

So have I seen (to dress their Mistress *May*)
 Two Silken sister Flowers consult, and lay
 Their bashful Cheeks together, newly they

Peep't from their Buds, shew'd like the Gardens Eyes
 Scarce wak't: like was the Crimson of their joys,
 Like were the Pearls they wept, so like that one
 Seem'd but the others kind reflexion.

But stay, what glimpse was that? why blusht the day?
 Why ran the started Air trembling away?
 Who's this that comes circled in Rays that scorn
 Acquaintance with the Sun? what second Morn
 At Mid-day opes a presence which Heavens Eye
 Stands off and points at? is't some Deity
 Stept from her Throne of Stars deigns to be seen?
 Is it some Deity? or is't our Queen?

'Tis she, 'tis she: her awful Beauties chase
 The Days abashed Glories, and in face
 Of Noon wear their own Sunshine, O thou bright
 Mistress of Wonders! *Cynthia's* is the Night,
 But thou at Noon dost shine, and art all Day,
 Nor does the Sun deny't) our *Cynthia*,
 Industrious sweetness! in thy faithful Womb,
 That Nest of *Heroes*, all our hopes find room;
 Thou art the Mother *Phoenix*, and thy Breast
 Chaste as that Virgin Honour of the *East*,
 But much more fruitful is; nor does, as she,
 Deny to Mighty Love a Deity;
 Then let the Eastern World brag and be proud
 Of one coy *Phoenix*, while we have a brood,
 A brood of *Phenices*, and still the Mother;
 And may we long; long may'st thou live, t'encrease
 The House and Family of *Phenices*.
 Nor may the Light that gives their Eye-lids light,
 Prove the dismal Morning of thy Night:
 We'r may a Birth of thine be bought so dear,
 To mak his costly Cradle of thy Beer.
 Mayst thou thus make all the year thine own,

And see such Names of joy sit white upon
 The brow every Moneth; and when that's done
 Mayest in a Son of his find every Son
 Repeated, and that Son still in another,
 And so in each Child often prove a Mother,
 Long maist thou laden with such clusters lean
 Upon thy Royal Elme (fair Vine) and when
 The Heavens will stay no longer, may thy Glory
 And Name dwell sweet in some Eternal story.
 Pardon (bright Excellence) an untun'd String,
 That in thy Ears thus keeps a murmuring;
 O speak a lowly Muses pardon; speak
 Her Pardon or her Sentence; onely break
 Thy silence; speak; and she shall take from thence
 Numbers, and Sweetness, and an Influence
 Confessing thee; or (if too long I stay)
 O speak thou and my Pipe hath nought to say:
 For see *Apollo* all this while stands Mute,
 Expecting by thy Voice to Tune his Lute.
 But Gods are Gracious: and their Altars make
 Pretious their offerings that their Altars take;
 Give them this Rural Wreath Fire from thine Eyes.
 This Rural Wreath dares be thy Sacrifice.

Upon Ford's Two Tragedies.

Love's Sacrifice and The Broken Heart.

THou cheat'st us *Ford*, mak'st one seem two by Art,
 What is *Love's Sacrifice* but the *Broken Heart*?

On a foul Morning being then to take a journey.

Where art thou *Sol*, while thus the blind-fold day
Staggeres out of the *East*, loses her way
Stumbling on Night? Rouze thee Illustrious Youth,
And let no dull Mists choak the Lights fair growth.
Point here thy Beams, Oglance on yonder Flocks,
And make their Fleeces Golden as thy Locks.
Unfold thy fair Front, and there shall appear
Full Glory, flaming in her own free Sphear.
Gladness shall cloath the Earth, we will instile
The face of things, an universal Smile:
Say to the sullen Morn, thou com'st to Court her;
And wilt demand proud *Zephirus* to sport her
With wanton Gales; his Balmy Breath shall lick
The tender Drops which tremble on her Cheek;
Which rarified, and in a gentle Rain
On those delicious Binks distill'd again,
Shall rise in a sweet Harvest which discloses
To every blushing Bed of new-born Roses.
He'll fan her bright Locks teaching them to flow,
And frisk in curl'd *Meanders*: he will throw
A fragrant Breath suckt from the Spicy Nest
O' th' precious *Phoenix*, warm upon her Brest:
He with a dainty and soft hand, will Trim
And brush her Azure Mantle, which shall swim
In silken Volumes, wherefoe'r she'll tread,
Bright Clouds like Golden Fleeces shall be spread.
Rise then (fair blew-ey'd Maid) rise and discover
Thy silver Brow, and meet thy Golden Lover,
See how he runs, with what a hasty flight
Into thy Bosome, bath'd with Liquid Light.

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Fly, fly, prophane Fogs, farr hence fly away,
Taint not the pure streams of the springing day.
With your dull influence, it is for you,
To sit and coule upon Nights heavy Brow;
Not on the fresh Cheeks of the Virgin Morn,
Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joys are worn,
Fly then, and do not think with her to stay;
Let it suffice, she'l wear no Mask to day.

Upon the fair Ethiopian sent to a Gentlewoman.

LO here the fair *Charicia*! in whom strove
So false a Fortune, and so true a Love.
Now after all her Toils by Sea and Land,
O may she but arrive at your white hand;
Her Hopes are Crown'd, onely she fears that than
She shall appear true Ethiopian.

On Marriage.

I Would be Married, but I'de have no Wife,
I would be Married to a single Life.

*To the Morning.
Satisfaction for Sleep.*

What succor can I hope the Muse will send
Whose drowiness hath wrong'd the Muses friend?
What hope *Aurora* to propitiate thee,
Unless the Muse sing my Apology?

O in that Morning of my shame I when I
 Lay folded up in sleeps Captivity;
 How at the sight didst thou draw back thine Eyes,
 Into thy modest veil? how did'st thou rise
 Twice Dy'd in thine own Blushes, and did'st run
 To draw the Curtains and awake the Sun?
 Who rowzing his illustrious Tresses came,
 Anseeing the loath'd Object, hid for shame
 His Head in thy fair Bosome, and still hides
 Me from his Patronage; I pray, he chides:
 And pointing to dull *Morphews*, bids me take
 My own *Apollo*, try if I can make
 His *Lethe* be my *Helicon*; and see
 If *Morphews* have a Muse to wait on me.
 Hence 'tis my humble Fancy finds no wings,
 No nimble Raptures, starts to Heaven and brings
Enthusiastick Flames, such as can give
 Marrow to my plump *Genius*, make it live
 Drest in the glorious Madness of a Muse,
 Whose Feet can walk the Milky way, and chuse
 Her Starry Throne; whose Holy heats can warm
 The Grave, and hold up an exalted Arm
 To lift me from my lazy Urne, and climb
 Upon the stopped Shoulders of old Time;
 And trace Eternity—But all is dead,
 All these delicious hopes are buried
 In the deep wrinkles of his angry Brow,
 Where Mercy cannot find them; but O thou
 Bright Lady of the Morn, pitty doth lye
 So warm in thy soft Brest it cannot dye:
 Have Mercy then, and when he next shall rise
 O meet the angry God, invade his Eyes,
 And stroak his radiant Cheeks; one timely kiss
 Will kill his Anger, and revive my Bliss,

So to the Treasure of thy pearly Dew,
 Thrice will I pay three Tears, to show how true
 My grief is; so my wakeful lay shall knock
 At th' Oriental Gates; and duly mock
 The early Larks shrill Orizons to be
 An Anthem at the Days Nativity.
 And the same Rosie-finger'd hand of thine,
 That shuts Nights dying Eyes, shall open mine.

But thou, faint God of sleep, forget that I
 Was ever known to be thy votary.
 No more my Pillow shall thine Altar be,
 Nor will I offer any more to thee
 My self a melting-Sacrifice; I'm born
 Again a fresh Child of the Buxome Morn,
 Heir of the Suns first Beams, why threat'st thou so?
 Why dost thou shake thy Leaden Scepter? goe,
 Bestow thy Poppy upon wakeful woe,
 Sicknes and Sorrow, whose pale Lids ne'r know
 Thy Downy Finger, dwell upon their Eyes,
 Shut in their Tears; shut out their Miseries.

Loves Horoscope.

Love, brave vertues younger Brother,
 Erst hath made my Heart a Mother,
 She consults the conscious Sphears,
 To calculate her young Sons years.
 She asks if f'd, or saying pow'rs,
 Gave Omen to his Infant hours,
 She asks each Star that then stood by,
 If poor Love shall live or dye.

Ah my heart, is that the way?

Are these the Beams that rule thy Day?
Thou know'st a Face in whose each look,
Beauty lays ope Loves Fortune-Book,
On whose fair Revolutions wait
The obsequious Motions of Loves Fate,
Ah my Heart, her Eyes and she,
Have taught thee new Astrology.
How e'r Loves Native hours were set,
What ever Starry Synod mer,
Tis in the Mercy of her Eye,
If poor Love shall live or dye.

If those sharp Rays putting on

Points of Death bid Love begone
(Though the Heavens in Council sate,
To crown an uncontrolled Fate,
Though their best Aspects twin'd upon
The kindest Constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his Birth,
And whisper'd the confederate Earth
To pave his Paths with all the good
That warms the Bed of Youth and Blood)
Love ha's no plea against her Eye
Beauty frowns, and Love must dye.

But if her milder influence move;

And guild the hopes of humble Love:
(Though Heavens inauspicious Eye
Lay black on Loves Nativity;
Though every Diamond in Loves Crown
Fixt his forehead to a frown,)
Her Eye a strong appeal can give,
Beauty smiles and Love shall live.

O if Love shall live, O where
 But in her Eye, or in her Ear,
 In her Breast or in her Breath,
 Shall I hide poor Love from Death?
 For in the life ought else can give,
 Love shall dye although he live.

Or if Love shall dye, O where,
 But in her Eye, or in her Ear,
 In her Breath or in her Brest,
 Shall I build his Funerall Nest?
 While Love shall thus entomb'd lye,
 Love shall live although he dye.

*Out of Virgil,
 In the praise of the Spring.*

ALL Trees, all Leavy Groves confesse the Spring
 Their gentlest Friend, then, then the Lands begin
 To swell with forward pride and seed desire
 To generation; Heavens Almighty Sire
 Melts on the Bosome of his Love, and powrs
 Himself into her Lap in fruitful showres
 And by a soft insinuation, mixt
 With Earths large Masse, doth cherish and assist
 Her weak Conceptions; No loan shade, but Rings
 With chatting Birds delicious murmurings.
 Then *Venus* mild instinct (at set times) yields
 The Herds to kindly meetings, then the Fields
 (Quick with warm *Zephires* lively breath) lay forth
 Their pregnant Bosomes in a fragrant Birth
 Each body's plump and juy, all things full

Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will
Trust his beloved Bosome to the Sun
(Grown lusty now ;) No Vine so weak and young
That fears the foul-mouth'd Auster, or those storms
That the South-west wind hurries in his Arms,
But hastes her forward Blossomes, and lays out
Freely lays out her Leaves ; nor do I doubt
But when the World first out of *Chaos* sprang,
So smil'd the days, and so the tenor ran
Of their felicity: A spring was there,
A neverlasting spring, the jolly year
Led round in his great Circle ; no winds Breath
As then did smell of Winter, or of Death ;
When life's sweet Light first shone on Beasts, and when
From their hard Mother Earth, sprang hardy men ;
When Beasts took up their Lodging in the Wood,
Stars in their higher Chambers : never cou'd
The tender growth of things endure the sence
Of such a change, but that the Heav'ns indulgence
Kindly supplys sick Nature, and doth mold
A sweetly temper'd Mean, nor hot nor cold.

With a Picture sent to a Friend.

I Paint so ill, my Piece had need to be
Painted again by some good Poesie,
I write so ill, my slender Line is scarce
So much as th' Picture of a well-Lim'd Verse:
Yet may the Love I send be true, though I
Send not true Picture nor true Poesie:
Both which away, I should not need to fear,
My Love, or *Feign'd*, or *Painted* should appear.

In praise of Lessius, his rule of Health.

GOe now with some daring Drugg,
 Bait the disease, and while they tug,
 Thou to maintain their cruel strife,
 Spend the dear Treasure of thy life:

Go take Physick, doat upon
 Some big-nam'd Composition,
 The Oraculous Doctors mistick Bills,
 Certain hard Words made into Pills;
 And what at length shalt get by these?
 Onely a Costlyer disease.

Goe poor Man, think what shall be,
 Remedy against thy Remedy.

That which makes us have no need
 Of Physick that's Physick indeed.

Hark hither, Reader, wouldst thou see
 Nature her own Physician be;

Wouldst see a man all, his own Wealth,
 His own Physick, his own Health?

A Man whose sober Soul can tell,
 How to wear her Garments well?

Her Garments that upon her sit,

As Garments should do, close and fit?

A well cloath'd soul that's not oppress'd,
 Nor choakt with what she should be dress'd?

A Soul sheath'd in a Chrystal shrine,
 Through which all her bright Features shine?

As when a peece of wanton Lawn,

A thin aerial Vail is drawn

O'r Beauties Face, seeming to hide

More sweetly shows the blushing Bride.

A Soul whose intellectual Beams
No Mists do Mask no lazy steams?
A happy soul that all the way,
To Heaven, hath a Summers day?
Would'st thou see a Man whose well warm'd blood,
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A Man whose Tuned humours be,
A set of rarest Harmony?
Wouldst see blith Looks fresh Cheeks beguile
Age, wouldst see *December* smile?
Wouldst see a nest of Roses grow
In a bed of reverend Snow?
Warm Thoughts, free Spirits, flattering
Winters self into a Spring?
In summe, wouldst see a Man that can
Live to be old and still a Man?

The beginning of Heliodorus.

THe smiling Morn had newly wak't the Day,
And tipt the Mountains in a tender Ray:
When on a Hill (whose high Imperious Brow
Looks down, and sees the humble Nile below
Lick his proud feet, and haste into the seas
Through the great Mouth that's nam'd from *Hercules*)
A band of men, rough as the Arms they wore
Look't round; first to the Sea, then to the Shore.
The Shore that shewed them what the Sea deny'd.
Hope of a Prey. There to the main Land ty'd
A ship they saw, no men she had; yet prest
Appear'd with other lading, for her Brest
Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
Up to the third Ring; o'r the shore was spread

Death's

Death's purple Triumph, on the blushing ground
 Lives late forsaken Houses all lay drown'd
 In their own Bloods dear deluge some new dead,
 Some panting in their yet warm ruines bled :
 While their affrighted souls now wing'd for flight
 Lent them the last flash of her glimmering Light
 Those yet fresh streams which crawled every where,
 Shew'd, that stern warre had newly bath'd him there :
 Nor did the face of this disaster show
 Marks of a fight alone, but feasting too,
 A miserable and a monstrous Feast,
 Where hungry War had made himself a Guest ;
 And coming late had eat up Guests and all,
 Who prov'd the Feast to their own Funeral, &c.

Out of the Greek, Cupid's Cryer.

Love is lost, nor can his Mother
 Her little fugitive discover :
 She seeks, she sighs, but no no where spies him ;
 Love is lost ; and thus she crys him.

O yes! if any happy Eye,
 This roaving wanton shall descry :
 Let the Finder surely know
 Mine is the Wagg ; 'tis I that own
 The winged wand' rer, and that none
 May think his Labour vainly gone,
 The glad descryer shall not miss,
 To taste the Nectar of a Kiss
 From *Venus* Lips ; but as for him
 That brings him to me, he shall swim
 In riper joys ; more shall be his
 (*Venus* assures him) then a kiss ;

But

But lest your Eye discerning slide,
These marks may be your judgements guide ;
His Skin as with a Fiery blushing
High-colour'd is ; His Eyes still flushing
With nimble Flames, and though his Mind
Be ne'r so curst, his Tongue is kind :
For never were his Words in ought
Found the pure issue of his thought.
The working Bees soft melting Gold,
That which their waxen Mines enfold,
Flow not so sweet as do the Tones
Of his Tun'd Accents ; but if once
His anger kindle, presently
It boils out into cruelty,
And fraud : he makes poor mortals hurts,
The objects of his cruel sports ;
With dainty Curles his froward face
Is Crown'd about ; but O what place,
What farthest nook of lowest Hell
Feels not the strength, the reaching spell
Of his small hand ? yet not so small
As 'tis powerful therewithal ;
Though bare his Skin, his Mind he covers
And like a saucy Bird he hovers
With wanton Wing, now here, now there,
'Bout Men and Women ; nor will spare
Till at length he perching rest,
In the Closet of their Brest.
His weapon is a little Bow,
Yet such a one as (*Love* knows how)
Ne'r suffred yet his little Arrow,
Of Heav'n's high'st Arches to fall narrow.
The Gold that on his Quiver smiles,
Deceives mens fears with flattering wiles :

The Delights of the Muses.

But O (too well my wounds can tell)
With bitter shafts 'tis sauc'd too well;
He is all cruel, cruel all;
His Torch imperious though but small
Makes the Sun (of Flames the Sire)
Worse then Sun-burnt in his Fire:
Wherefoe'r you chance to find him
Seize him, bring him, (but first bind him)
Pitry not him, but fear thy self,
Though thou see the crafty Else,
Tell down his Silver drops unto thee,
They'r counterfeit, and will undoe thee;
With baited smiles if he display
His fawning Cheeks, look not that way
If he offer sugred Kisses,
Start, and say, the Serpent hisses
Draw him, drag him, though he pray
Wooe, intreat, and crying say
Prethee, sweet, now let me go,
Here's my Quiver, Shafts and Bow,
I'll give thee all, take all, take heed
Lest his kindness make thee bleed.

What e'r it be Love offers, still presume
That though it shines, 'tis Fire, and will consume.

High mounted on an Ant *Nanus* the tall
Wasthrown alas, and got a deadly fall
Under th' unruly Beasts proud feet he lies
All torn; with much adoe yete'r he dies,
He strains these words; Be se Envy, doe, laugh on,
Thus did I fall, and thus fell *Phaethon*.

Upon

Upon Venus putting on Mars his Arms.

What? *Mars* his sword? fair *Cytherea* say,
Why art thou Arm'd so desperately to day?
Mars thou hast beaten naked, and then
What needst thou put on Arms against poor men?

Upon the same.

After saw *Venus* arm'd, and streight she cry'd,
Come if thou dar'st thus, thus let us be try'd.
Thy foot says *Mars*, thus provok'st thou me,
That being naked, thou know'st could conquer thee?

*Upon Bishop Andrews his Picture before
his Sermons.*

His Reverend shadow cast that setting Sun;
Whose Glorious course through our Horizon run,
In the dimm'd Face of this dull Hemisphere,
One great Eye, all drown'd in one great Tear;
Whose fair illustrious Soul, led his free Thought
Through Learnings Universe, and (vainly) sought
Room for her spacious self, until at length
He found the way home with an Holy strength,
March't her self hence, to Heaven: fill'd a bright place
Amongst those immortal Fires, and on the Face
Of her great Maker fixt her flaming Eye,
Here still so read true pure Divinity.

And now that grave Aspect hath deign'd to shrink
 Into this less appearance; if you think,
 'Tis but a dead face, Art doth here bequeath;
 Look on the following Leaves, and see him breath;

Out of Martial.

Four Teeth thou hadst that rank'd in goodly state
 Kept thy Mouths Gate.

The first blast of thy Cough left two alone,
 The second, none;

This last Cough, *Elia*, Cought out all thy fear,
 Th' hast left the third Cough now no business here.

Out of Italian.

A Song.

TO thy Lover
Deer, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
(When those Roses
It discloses)
All the Flowers that Nature nameth
In free Air,
Flow thy Hair;
That no more Summers best dresses,
Be beholden
For their Golden
Locks, to Phoebus Flaming Tresses.

O deliver
Love his Quiver,
From thy Eyes he shoots his Arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow;
Featherd with his Mothers Sparrow.

O envy not
(That we dye not)
Those deer Lips whose Door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearls, and Sister Roses.

From these Treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to bless the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The Air does wave thee,
Winds cling to thee,
Might a Word once fly from out blue;
Storm and Thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about Thee.

But if Nature's
Common Creatures,
So dear Glories dare not borrow
Yet thy Beauty
Owes a Duty
To my loving, lingring sorrow.

When to end me
Death shall send me
All his Terrors to affright me;
Thine Eyes Graces,
Gild their Faces,
And those Terrors shall delight me,

When my dying
Life is flying;
Those sweet Aires that often flew me
Shall revive me,
Or reprove me,
And to many Deaths renew me.

Out of the Italian.

Love now no Fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it;
Your Eyes the Light hath left him;
The Heat commanding in my Heart doth sit,
O! that poor Love be not for ever spoiled,
Let my Heart to your Light be reconciled.

So shall these Flames, whose worth
Now all obscured lies
(Drest in those Beams) start forth
And dance before your Eyes.

Or else partake my Flames
(I care not whither)
And so in mutual Names
O Love, burn both together.

Out of the Italian.

Would any one the true cause find
How Love came nak't, a Boy and blind?
'Tis this; listening one day too long,
To th' Syrens in my Mistress Song,
The extasie of a delight
So much o'r-mastring all his might,
To that one Sense, made all else thrall,
And so he lost his Clothes, Eyes, Heart and all.

*On the Frontispiece of Maacsons Chrono-
logie explained.*

IF with distinctive Eye and Mind you look
Upon the *Front*, you see more then one Book;
Creation is *Gods Book*, wherein he writ
Each Creature, as a Letter filling it.
History is *Creations Book*; which shows
To what effects the *Series* of it goes.
Chronologie's the Book of *History*, and bears
The just account of *Days*, of *Months*, and *Years*.
But *Resurrection* in a *Later Press*,
And *New Edition* is the summe of these:
The Language of these Books had all been one,
Had not th' *Aspiring Tow'r of Babylon*
Confus'd the Tongues, and in a distance bur'd
As far the Speech, as men, o' th' new fill'd World.

Set then your Eyes in Method, and behold
Times Embleme, *Saturn*; who, when store of Gold
Coyn'd the first Age, Depriv'd that Birth he fear'd;
Till *History*, Times eldest Child appear'd;
And *Phanix*-like, in spight of *Saturns* rage,
Forc'd from her *Ashes*, Heires in every Age
From th' *Rising Sun*, obtaining by just Suit,
A *Spring*s Ingender, and an *Autumns* Fruit.
Who in those *Volumes* at her motion pen'd,
Unto *Creations Alpha* doth extend.
Again Ascend, and view *Chronology*,
By *Optick skill* pulling far *History*
Neerer; whose *Hand* the piercing *Eagles Eye*
Strengthens to bring remotest Objects nigh.

Under

Under whose *Flopy* you see the *Setting Sun*, sheds no
 From the dark *Gambion*, o'r her *Volumes* run, drew
 Drown'd in *Eternal Night*, never to rise;
 Till *Resurrection* show it to the *Eyes*
 Of *Earth-worn men*; and her shrill *Trumpets* sound
 Afright the *Bones* of *Mortals* from the ground:
 The *Columns* both are crown'd with either *Sphere*,
 To show *Chronology* and *History* bear
 No other *Culmen*; then the double *Art*,
Astronomy, *Geography* impart.

Or Thus.

Let hoary *Time's* vast *Bowels* be the *Grave*,
 To what his *Bowels* Birth and Being gave;
 Let Nature die, and (*Phenix* like) from death
 Revived Nature take a second *Breath*;
 If on *Times* right hand, sit fair *History*;
 If, from the seed of empty *Ruine*, she
 Can raise so fair an *Harvest*: let her be
 Ne'r so far distant, yet *Chronology*
 (Sharp-sighted as the *Eagles* Eye, that can
 Out-stare the broad-beam'd *Days* *Meridian*)
 Will have a *Perspicil* to find her out,
 And, through the *Night* of error, and dark doubt,
 Discern the *Dawn* of *Truth's* eternal Ray,
 As when the *Rosie Morn* buds into Day.

Now that *Time's* Empire might be amply fill'd,
Babels bold *Artists* strive (below) to build
 Ruine a Temple; on whose fruitful fall
History rears her *Pyramids* more tall
 Then were th' *Egyptian* (by the life, these give,
 Th' *Egyptian Pyramids* themselves must live:)

On these the life the world, and on their base
 Shews the two Terms and Limits of Grace & Race
 That, the Creation, the Judgment, the Day;
 That, the Worlds beginning, this last will be the Day.

An Epitaph upon Mr. Rantons a conformable Christian

THe modest front of this small floor,
 Beleeve me Reader, can say more
 Then many a braver Marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man;
 One whose Conscience was a thing
 That troubled neither Church nor King.
 One of those few that in this Town,
 Honour all Preachers: hear their own
 Sermons he heard, yet not so many
 As left no time to practise any.
 He heard them reverently, and then
 His practice preach'd them o' again,
 His *Parlour-Sermons* rather were
 Those to the Eye, then to the Ear.
 His Prayers took their price and strength
 Not from the loudness nor the length.
 He was a Protestant at home,
 Not onely in despite of Rome:
 He lov'd his *Father*, yet his Zeal
 Tore not off his Mothers Veil.
 To th' Church he did allow her Dress,
 True *Beauty* to true *Holiness*.
 Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
 Her hand to bring him to his end:
 When Age and Death call'd for the s^ca^e,

No fancies were to reckon for,
 Death tore not (therefore) but sans strife
 Gently untwined his thread of life.
 What remains then, but that Thou
 Write these Lines, Reader, on thy Brow,
 And by his fair Example's light,
 Burn in thy imitation bright.
 So while these Lines can but bequeath
 A Life perhaps unto his Death,
 His better Epitaph shall be,
 His Life still kept alive in Thee.

Out of Catullus.

Come and let us Live my Dear,
 Let us Love and never Fear,
 What the sowerest Fathers say;
 Brightest *Say that thy eyes to day*
 Lives again as blith to morrow,
 But if we dark Sons of sorrow
 Set; O then, how long a Night
 Shuts the Eyes of our short light.
 Then let amorous Kisses dwell
 On our Lips, begin and tell
 A Thousand and a Hundred score,
 An Hundred and a Thousand more,
 Till another Thousand smother
 That, and that wipe of another.
 Thus at last when we have numbred
 Many a Thousand, many a Hundred;
 We'l confound the reckoning quite,
 And lose our selves in wild delight:
 While our joyes so multiply,
 As shall mock the envious Eye.

Wishes

Wishes to his (supposed) Mistress.

WHo e're she be,
That not impossible she
That shall Command my Heart and me;

Where e're she lye,
Lock't up from mortal Eye;
In shady Leaves of Destiny;

Till that ripe Birth
Of studied Fate stand forth;
And teach her fair steps to our Earth;

Till that Divine
Idas take a shrine
Of Chrystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses;

I wish her Beauty,
That owes not all its Duty
To gaudy Tye, or glistring shoo-ry;

Something more than
Taffata or Tissew can,
Or rampant Feather, or rich Fan.

More then the spoil
Of shop, or silkworms Toil,
Or a bought Blush, or a set smile.

The Delights of the Muses.

105

A Face that's best
By its own Beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest,

A Face made up
Out of no other shop,
Then what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A Cheek where Youth,
And Blood, with Pen of Truth
Write, what the Reader sweetly m' th,

A Cheek where grows
More then a Morning Rose:
Which to no Box his Being owes.

Lips, where all day
A Lovers Kifs may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks that oppress
Their richest Tires, but dresse
And cloath their simplest Nakedness.

Eyes, that displaces
The Neighbour Diamond, and out-faces
That Sun-shine by their own sweet Graces,

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.

Whose native Ray,
Can tame the wanton Day
Of Gems, that in their bright shades play.

Euh

Each Ruby there
Or Pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own Tear,

A well-tam'd Heart,
For whose more Noble smart,
Love may be long choosing a Dart,

Eyes, that bestow
Full Quivers on Loves Bow;
Yet pay less Arrows than they owe,

Smiles, that can warm
The Blood, yet teach a Charm,
That Chastity shall take no harm,

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor Flames of ought too hot within,

Joys, that confess,
Vertue their Mistresse,
And have no other Head to dress,

Fears, fond and flight,
As the coy Brides, when Night
First does the longing Lover sight,

Tears, quickly fled,
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying Maidenhead,

Days, that need borrow,
No part of their good Morrow,
From a fore spent night of sorrow,

Days

Days, that in spight
Of Darkness, by the Light
Of a deer mind are Day all Night.

Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by Lovers play,
Yet long by th' absence of the Day,

Life, that dares send,
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say *welcome Friend.*

Sydneyan showers
Of sweet discourse, whose pow'rs
Can Crown old Winters head with Flow'rs.

Soft silken Hours.
Open Sunnes; shady Bow'rs;
'Bove all; Nothing within that low'rs.

What e'r Delight
Can make Days forehead bright,
Or give Down to the Wings of Night.

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the Name,
Art and Ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and Poesie.
Her Counsel her own Vertue be,

I wish, her store
Of worth, may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish——no more.

Now

Now if Time knows
That her whose radiant Brows,
Weave them a Garland of my vows;

Her whose just Bayes,
My future hopes can raise,
A Trophy to her present praise;

Her that dares be,
What these Lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here
Lo I uncloath and clear
My wishes cloudy Character.

May she enjoy it,
Whose Merit dare apply it,
But Modesty dares still deny it.

Such Worth as this is,
Shall fixe my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full Glory,
My Fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; but her story.

*In Picturam Reverendissimi Episcopi,
D. Andrews.*

H*æc charta monstrat, Fama quem monstrat magis,
Sed & ipsa nec dum fama quem monstrat satis,
Ille, ille totam solus implevit Tubam,
Tot ora solus domuit & famam quoque
Fecit modestam: mentis ignea pater
Agiliq; radio Lucis aterna vigil,
Per alta rerum pondera indomito Vagus
Cucurrit Animo, quippe naturam ferocem
Exhaust ipsam mille Fæctus Artibus,
Et mille Linguis ipse se in gentes procul
Variavit omnes, fuitq; toti simul
Cognatus orbi, sic sacrum & solidum jubar
Saturnumq; cælo pectus ad patrios Libens
Porrexit ignes: hac enim (Lector) vides
Hæc (ecce) charta O utinam & audires quoque.*

Epitaphium in Dominum Herrisium.

S*iste te paulum (viator) ubi Longum Sisti
Necesse erit, huc nempe properare te scias
quocunque properas.*

Mora prætium erit

Et Lachryma,

Si jacere hic scias

Gulielmum

Splendida Herrisorum familia

Splendorem maximum:

Quem cum talem vixisse intellexeris,

Et

Et vixisse tantum;
 Disce licet
 In quantum se ipse possit
 Assurgere mortalitas
 De quantis cadere.

Quem { Infamem, Effemem, } vidit
 { Focum, Catabrigia }

Senem, ab infelix utraque
 Quod non vidit.

Qui
 Collegii Christi Alumnus
 Aula Pembrokeana socia.
 Utrique, ingens amoris certamen fuit,
 Donec

Dulciss. Lites elasis Deus,
 Eunque celestis Collegii,
 Cujus semper Alumnus fuit
 socium fecit;

Qui & ipse Collegium fuit,
 In quo

Musa omnes & gratia,
 Nullibi magis sorores,
 Sub praeſide religione.

In tenaciſſimum ſodalitium coaluere.

Quem	{	Oratoria	Oratorem	}	Agnovere.
		Poetica	Poetam		
		Utraque	Philosophum		
		Christianum	Omnes		

Qui	{	Fide	Mundum	}	Superavit.
		Spe	Caelum		
		Charitate	Proximum		
		Humilitate	Seipsum		

Cuius

Cujus

*Sub verna fronte senilis animas,
Sub morum facilitate, severitas virtutis;
Sub plurima indole, pauci anni;
Sub majore modestia, maxima indoles
adco se occuluerunt*

ut vitam ejus

Pulchram dixeris & pudicam dissimulationem :

Imo vero & mortem,

Ecce enim in ipso funere

Dissimulare se passus est,

Sub tantillo marmore tantum hospitens,

*Eo nimirum majore monumento
quo minore tumulo.*

Eo ipso die occubuit quo Ecclesia

Anglicana ad vespas legit,

Raptus est ne malitia mutaret intellectum ejus ;

Scilicet Id : Octobris, Anno S. 1631.

Principi recens natæ omen maternæ indolis.

*C*resce, O dulcibus imputanda Divis,
O cresce, & propera, Puella Princeps,
In matris propera venire partes.

Et cum par breve fulminum minorum,

Munc Carolus, & Jacobus inde,

In patris faciles subire famam,

Ducunt fata furoribus decoris ;

Cum terror sacer, Angliciq; magnum

Murmur nominis increpabit omnem

Late Bosporon, Ottomanicasque

Non picto quatiet tremore Lunas ;

Te tunc altera nec timenda paci,

K

Poscent

Poscent praelia. Tu potens iudicis in
 Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
 Late dulcia fata dissipabis.
 O cum flos tener ille, qui recentis
 Pressus fidere jam sub ara iudis,
 Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
 Evolvit latus aureum per ignes,
 Quisq; imbellis adhuc, adactus olim;
 Puris expatiabitur genarum
 Campis imperiosor Cupido;
 O quam certa superbiore penna
 Ibiunt spicula, mellaeque mortis,
 Exstantibus hinc & inde turmis,
 Quoquo iusseris, impigre volabunt!
 O quot corda calentium didram
 De te vulnera delicata discent!
 O quot pectora Principum Magistris
 Fient melle negotium sagittis!
 Nam qua non poteris per arma ferri,
 Cui matris sinus atque utrumque fidus
 Magnorum patet officina Amorum?
 Hinc sumas licet, O puella Princeps,
 Quantaunque opus est tibi pharetra.
 Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
 Matris lumine, Gratiasque centum,
 Et centum Veneres: adhuc manebant
 Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
 Tercentum Veneresque Gratiaeque
 Puto fonte superstites per aevum.

In Seneriffimæ Reginæ partum hyemalem.

SERTA puer : (quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus ?)

Texe mihi facili pollice sarta, puer.

Quid tu nescio quos narras mihi, stulte, Decembres

Quid mihi cum nivibus ? da mihi sarta, puer..

Nix ? & hyems ? non est nostras quid tale per oras ;

Non est : vel si sit, non tamen esse potest.

Ver agitur : quæcunque truce dat larva Decembrem,

Quid fera cunque fremant frigora, ver agitur.

Nonne vides quali se palmitæ regia vitis

Prodit, & in sacris quæ sedet uva jugis ?

Tam latis quæ bruma solet ridere racemis ?

Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas ?

O Maria ! O divum soboles, genitrixque Deorum !

Siccine nostra tuus tempora ludus erunt ?

Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumæ

Sydera, nil madidos sola morare notos ?

Siccine sub media poterunt tua surgere brumæ,

Atque suas solum lilia nosse nives ?

Ergo vel invitis nivibus, frendentibus Austris,

Nostra novis poterunt regna timere rosis ?

O bona tarbatrix anni, quæ limite noto

Tempora sub signis non finis ire suis !

O pia prædatrix hyemis, quæ tristitia mundi

Murmura tam dulci sub ditione tenes !

Perge precor nostris vim pulchram ferre Calendis :

Perge precor menses sic numerare tuos.

Perge intempestiva atque importuna videri ;

Inque uterî titulos sic rape cuncta tui.

Sit nobis sit sæpe hyemes sic cernere nostras

Exharedatas floribus ire tuis.

*Sape sis has vernas hyemes Majosq; Decembres,
Has per te roseas saepe videre nives.*

*Altera gens varium per sydera computet annum,
Atq; suos ducant per vaga signa dies.*

Nos deceat nimis tantum permittere nimbis?

Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britanna vices?

Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum:

In partus omnem expend; Maria, tuos.

Sit tuus ille uterius nostri bonus arbiter anni:

Tempus & in titulos transeat omne tuos.

Namque alia indueret tam dulcia nomina mensis?

Aut qua tam posset candidus ire toga?

Hanc laurum Junus sibi vertice vellet utroque;

Hanc sibi vel tota Chloride Majus emet.

Tota suam (vere expulso) respublica florum

Reginam cuperent te, sobolemve tuam.

O bona spes anni, cum cuncti ex ordine menses

Hic mihi Carolides, hic Marianus erit!

Ad Reginam.

ET vero jam tempus erat tibi, maxima Mater,
Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem:

Tempus erat, ne qua tibi basia blanda vacarent;

Sarcina ne colla sit minus apta tuo.

Scilicet ille tuus, timor & spes ille suorum,

Quo primum es felix pignore facta parens,

Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur & enses

Jam patris magis est, jam magis ille suus.

Indulis O stimulos! vix dum illi transit infans;

Jamque sibi impatiens arripit ille virum.

Improbis ille suis adeo negat ire sub annis:

Jam nondum puer est, major & est puero.

Si quis in aulais pictas animatus in iras
 Stat leo, quem docta cuspide lussit acus,
 Hostis (io!) est; neq; enim ille alium dignabitur hostem;
 Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus.
 Tunc hasta gravis adversum surit; hasta bacillum est:
 Mox falsum vero vulnere pettus hiat.
 Stat leo, cen. stuperat tali bene fixus ab hoste;
 Cen quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
 Tam torvum, tam dulce micant: ne scire fatetur
 Mars ne sub his oculis esset, an esset Amor.
 Quippe illic Mars est, sed qui bene possit amari;
 Est & Amor certe, sed metendus Amor:
 Talis Amor, talis Mars est ibi cernere; qualis
 Seu puer hic esset, si ve vir ille Deus.
 Hic tibi jam scitus succedit in oscula fratris,
 Res (ecce!) in lusus non operosa tuos.
 Basia jam veniant tua quantacunque caterva;
 Jam quocunque tuum murmure ludat amor.
 En! Tibi materies tenera & tractabilis hic est:
 Hic ad blanditias est tibi cera satis.
 Salve infans, tot basioli, molle argumentum,
 Maternis labiis dulce negotiolum,
 O salve! Nam te nato, puer auree, natus
 Et Carolo & Mariz tertius est oculus.

In faciem Augustul. Regis à mor-
 billis integram.

Musa redi; vocat alma parens Academia: Noster
 En redit, ore suo noster Apollo redit.
 Vultus adhuc suus, & vultu sua purpura tantum
 Vivit, & admixtas pergit amare nives.

Tune

Tunc illas violare gemas? eam illa profanis,
 Morbe ferox, tentas ira per ora notis?
 Tu Phæbi faciem tentas, vanissime? Nostra
 Nec Phæbe maculas novis habere suas.
 Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur;
 Ipsa sedet radiis O bent rara suis:
 Quippe illic Deus est, cælestique & sanctius astrum;
 Quippe sub his totius videt Apollo genis.
 Quod facio Rex tutus erat. Quod cætera tatus:
 Hinc hominem Rex est factus, & inde Deum.

Rex Redux.

ILLeredit, redit. Hoc populi bona murmura volunt;
 Publicus hoc (audin?) planctus ad astra refert:
 Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum;
 Omnibus hinc una est latitia facies.
 Rex noster, lux nostra redit; redeuntis ad ora
 Arridet totis Anglia læta genis:
 Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis;
 Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.
 Forte roges tanto quæ digna pericula plausu
 Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quosve metus:
 Anne perterriti male fida volumina ponti
 Ausa illum terris pene negare suis:
 Hospitis an nimii rursus sibi conscia tellus
 Vix bene speratum reddat Ibera caput.
 Nil horum; nec enim male fida volumina ponti
 Aut sacrum tellas vidit Ibera caput.
 Verus amor tamen hac sibi falsa pericula fingit:
 (Falsa pericla solet fingere verus amor)
 At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret:
 (Vera pericla solet temnere verus amor)

*Ille falsa timens, sibi vera pericula temens,
Non solum est fidus, sed quoque fortis amur.
Interea nostri satis ille est causa triumphi:
Et satis (ab!) nostri causa doloris erat.
Causa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licet esset;
Anglia quod saltem discere posset, Abest.
Et satis est nostri Carolus nunc causa triumphi:
Dicere quod saltem possumus, Ille redit.*

Ad Principem nondum natum.

N*Ascere nunc; O nunc! quid enim puer alme moraris?
Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.
Ergone tot tardos (O lente!) morabere menses?
Rex redit, Ipse veni, & dic bone, Gratus ades.
Num quid Ave nostrum? quid nostri verba triumphi?
Vagitu melius dixeris ista tuo.
At mancas tamen: & nobis nova causa triumphi
Sic demum fueris; nec nova causa tamen:
Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova nascitur infans,
Revera toties Carolus ipse redit.*

CARMEN

...the most perfect manner
...the most perfect manner
...the most perfect manner
...the most perfect manner
...the most perfect manner
...the most perfect manner
...the most perfect manner
...the most perfect manner
...the most perfect manner
...the most perfect manner

Ad Principem nostrum nostrum

Nostre nunc O nunc! quia nunc
Nulla tibi deditur nobis
Exone tot rivos (O lent!)
Rex redit ipse vni
Nam quid Ave nunc! quia nunc
Vagum finem dixerit istum
At manent tamen: O nunc
Sic dicitur finis: nec nunc
Nam, quod est Carolus nunc
Reverentia Carolus ipse nunc

CARMEN
DEO NOSTRO,

Te Decet HYMNVS.

SACRED POEMS,

COLLECTED,

CORRECTED,

AUGMENTED,

Most
Humbly PRESENTED,

TO

MY LADY

THE

COUNTESSE

OF

DENBIGH.

By her Most devoted Servant
RICH. CRASHAW.

In hearty acknowledgement of his immortal Obligation to her Goodness and Charity.

DEONOSTRO
CARMEN

To Dea Hymnos.

SACRED POEMS

COLLECTED

CORRECTED

AUGMENTED

PRESENTED

TO

MY LADY

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CRASHAWE

THE
ANAGRAM

HE WAS CAR

W As Carlied Crashaw, or was Crashaw Car,
Since both within one Name combined are?
Yes, Car's Crashaw, he Car, tis Love alone

Which melts two hearts: of both composing one,
So Crashaw's still the same: so much desired
By strongest Wits: so honor'd & so admir'd;
Car Was but He that enter'd as a friend
With whom he shar'd his thoughts, and did commend
(While yet he liv'd) this Work; they lov'd each other
Sweet Crashaw was his friend; he Crashaw's Brother
So Car hath Title then: 'twas his intent
That what his Riches pen'd, poor Car should Print;
Nor fears he check, praising that happy one
Who was belov'd by all; disprais'd by none.
To wit, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all;
Nor would he give, nor take offence; beset
What Might; he would possess himself: and live
As dead (devoid of interest) t' all might give
Disease t' his well composed mind; forestall'd
With Heavenly Riches: which had wholly call'd

His

His thoughts from Earth, to live above in th' Air
 A very Bird of Paradise. Nature
 Had be of earthly waile. What might suffice
 To fit his soul to Heavenly exercise.

Sufficed him: and may we guess his heart
 By what his Lips bring forth, his onely part
 Is God and Godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none
 But that to whom one God is all: all's one.

What he might eat or wear he took no thought,
 His needful food he rather found then sought.
 He seeks no Downes, no Sheets, his Bed's still made
 If he can find, a Chair or Stool, he's laid,
 When day peeps in, he quits his restless rest;
 And still, poor soul, before he's up he's drest.

Thus dying did he live, yet liv'd to dye
 In th' Virgin's Lap, to whom he did apply
 His Virgin thoughts and words, and thence was styl'd
 By foes, the Chaplain of the Virgin mild
 While yet he liv'd without: his Modesty
 Imparted this to some, and they to me.


Live happy then, dear soul; enjoy thy rest
 Eternally by paines thou purchasedst,
 While a Car must live in Care, who was thy friend
 Nor cares he how he live, so in the end,
 He may enjoy his dearest Lord and thee;
 And sit and sing more skilful songs Eternally.

THOMAS CAR.



TO THE
 Noblest and best of
L A D I E S
 THE
COUNTESSE
 OF
DENBIGH:

*Perswading her to Resolution in Religion,
 and to render her self without further
 delay into the Communion of the Ca-
 tholick Church.*

 Hat Heaven-intreated Heart is this?
 Stands trembling at the Gate of Bliss;
 Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
 Fairly to open it and enter,
 Whose Definition is a doubt
 'Twixt Life and Death, 'twixt in and out.

Say

Say, lingering fair ! why comes the birth
 Of your brave Soul so slowly forth ?
 Plead your preferences (O you strong
 In weakness) why you come so long
 In labor of your self to live,
 Nor daring quite to live nor die :
 Ah linger not, lov'd Soul ! a slow
 And late consent was a long no,
 Who grants at last, long time try'd
 And did his best to have deny'd,
 What Magick bolts, what Mystic Barrs
 Maintain the Will in these strange Warrs !
 What fatal, what fantastick Bands,
 Keep the free Heart from its own Hands !
 So when the year takes cold, we see
 Poor Waters their own Prisoners be,
 Fetter'd, and lock'd up fast they ly
 In a sad self-captivity,
 Th' astonisht Nymphs their floods strange fate deplore
 To see themselves their own severer shore.
 Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,
 And fetch the Heart from its strong Hold,
 Almighty Love ! end this long War,
 And of a Meteor make a Star.
 O fix this fair Indefinite
 And mongst thy shafts of Sovereign light
 Choose out that sure decisive Dart
 Which has the Key of this close Heart,
 Knows all the corners of't, and can controul
 The self-shut Cabinet of an unsearcht soul.
 O let it be at last, Love a hour,
 Raise this tall Trophee of thy Pow'r,
 Come once the conquering way, not to confute
 But kill this Rebel-word, *Irresolute*,

That

That so, in spite of all this peevish strength
 Of weakness, she may write *Resolv'd at Length*;
 Unfold at length, unfold fair Flow'r,
 And use the season of Love's show'r,
 Meet his well-meaning wounds, wise Heart!
 And haste to drink the wholesome Dart,
 That Healing shaft, which Heav'n still now
 Has in Loves Quiver hid for you,
 O Dart of Love / Arrow of Light!
 O happy you, if it hit right,
 It must not fall in vain, it must
 Not mark the dry regardless dust,
 Fair one, it is your Fate, and brings
 Eternal Words upon its Wings,
 Meet it with wide-spread Arms; and see
 It's seat your soul's just center be.
 Disband dull fears; give faith the day,
 To save your life, kill your delay;
 It is Loves Siege, and sure to be
 Your triumph, though his Victory?
 'Tis cowardise that keeps this Field,
 And want of Courage not to yield.
 Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
 The Fort at last, and let Life in.
 Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove
 Death's prey, before the prize of Love.
 This Fort of your fair self, if't be not won,
 He is repulst indeed, but you'r undone.

To the Name above every Name, the Name of
JESUS, A Hymn.

I Sing the Name which none can say
 But touch't with an interior Ray;
 The name of our new Peace, our Good;
 Our Blisse, and supernatural Blood:
 The name of all our Lives and Loves.
 Harken, and help, ye Holy Doves!
 The high-born Brood of Day; you bright
 Candidates of blissful Light,
 The Heirs Elect of Love, whose Names belong
 Unto the everlasting life of Song;
 All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy Brest
 Of this unbounded Name build your warm Nest.
 Awake, my Glory, Soul, (if such thou be,
 And that fair Word at all refer to thee)

Awake and Sing
 And be all Wing;
 Bring hither thy whole Self; and let me see,
 What of thy Parent Heav'n yet speaks in Thee.

O thou art Poor,
 Of Noble Pow'rs, I see,
 And full of nothing else but empty Me,
 Narrow, and low, and infinitely less.
 Then this great Mornings mighty business.

One little World or two
 (Alas) will never do;
 We must have store.
 Go, Soul, out of thy self, and seek for More,
 Go and request

Great

Great Nature for the Key of her huge Chest
Of Heav'n's, the self-involving Set of Sphears
(Which dull Mortality more feels than hears)

Then rouse the nest
Of nimble Art, and traverse round
The Airy Shop of Soul-appeasing sound:
And beat a summons in the same

All-Sovereign Name.

To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness, be they such
As sigh with supple wind
Or answer Artful touch,

That they convent and come away
To wait at the Love-Crowned Doors of that
Illustrious Day.

Shall we dare this, my Soul? we'll do't and bring
No other Note for't, but the Name we sing.

Wake Lute and Harp

And every sweet-lipp'd thing

That talks with Tuneful string;

Start into life, and leap with me
Into a hasty fit-tun'd harmony.

Nor must you think it much

T' obey my bolder touch;

I have authority in Love's Name to take you

And to the work of Love this morning wake you;

Wake; in the Name

Of Him who never sleeps; all things that are,

Or what's the same,

Are Musical;

Answer my Call

And come along;

Help me to meditate mine immortal Song.

Come, ye soft Ministers of sweet sad mirth,
 Bring all your Household-stuff of Heav'n on Earth;
 O you, my Soul's most certain Wings,
 Complaining Pipes, and prattling strings,

Bring all the store
 Of Sweets you have; and murmur that you have
 no more.

Come, ne'r to part,
 Nature and Art!

Come; and come strong,
 To the conspiracy of our spacious song.

Bring all the Pow'rs of Praise
 Your Provinces of well-united Worlds can raise;
 Bring all your Lutes and Harps of Heav'n and Earth;
 What e'r cooperates to the common mirth

Vessels of vocal joys,
 Or you, more Noble Architects of intellectual noise,
 Cymballs of Heav'n, or Humane sphears,
 Solliciters of Souls or Ears;

And when you are come, with all
 That you can bring or we can call;

O may you fix
 For ever here, and mix
 Your selves into the long

And everlasting series of a deathless Song;

Mix all your many Worlds, above,

And loose them into One of Love.

Chear thee my Heart!

For thou too hast thy part

And place in the great Throng

Of this unbounded all-embracing Song.

Pow'rs of my Soul, be proud!

And speak loud

To all the dear-bought Nations this Redeeming Names
And in the wealth of one rich Word proclaim
New Similes to Nature

May it be no wrong
Blest Heav'ns, to you, and your Superior song,
That we, dark Sons of Dust and Sorrow,

A while dare borrow
The name of your Delights and our Desires,
And fit it to so farr inferior Lyres.
Our Murmurs have their Musick too,
Ye Mighty Orbs, as well as you,

Nor yields the Noblest nests
Of warbling Setaphim to the ears of Love;
A choicer Lesson then the joyful Breast

Of a poor panting Turtle-Dove,
And we, low Worms have leave to do
The same bright business (-ye third Heav'ns) with you
Gentle Spirits; do not complain;

We will have care
To keep it fair,

And send it back to you again
Come, lovely Name I appear from forth the bright

Regions of peaceful Light;
Look from thine own illustrious home,
Fair King of Names, and come;
Leave all thy Native Glories in their gorgeous Nest,
And give thy self a while the gracious Guest.

Of humble Souls, that seek to find

The hidden Sweets
Which man's heart meets

When thou art Master of the Mind.

Come, Lovely Name; life of our hope!

Lo we bold our Hearts wide open

Unlock thy Cabinet of Day

Dearest

Dearest Sweet, and come away.
 Lo how the thirfty Lands
 Gasp for thy golden showrs! with long stretcht hands.
 Lo how the laboring Earth
 That hopes to be
 All Heaven by Thee,
 Leaps at thy Birth.
 Th' attending World, to wait thy Rise,
 First turn'd to Eyes,
 And then, not knowing what to do;
 Turn'd them to Tears, and spent them too,
 Come Royal Name; and pay th' expence
 Of all this precious patience:
 O come away
 And kill the Death of this Delay.
 O see, so many Worlds of barren years
 Melted and Measur'd out in Seas of Tears
 O see the weary Lids of wakeful Hope
 (Love's Eastern windows) all wide open
 With Curtains drawn,
 To catch the Day-break of thy Dawn.
 O dawn, at last, long-look't for day!
 Take thine own wings and come away.
 Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
 The conduct of adoring Spirits that throng
 Like diligent Bees; and swarm about it.
 O they are wise:
 And know what Sweets are suck't from out it.
 It is the Hive,
 By which they thrive,
 Where all their hoard of Honey lies
 Lo where it comes, upon the showy Doves
 Soft back; and brings a bosome big with Loves
 Welcome to our dark World, thou

Womb

Womb of Day!

Unfold thy fair Conceptions; and display

The Birth of our bright joys.

O thou compacted

Body of Blessings: Spirit of Souls extracted!

O dissipate thy spicy Pow'rs

(Cloud of condensed sweets) and break upon us

In balmy Show'rs:

O fill our senses, and take from us

All force of so prophane a Fallacy

To think ought sweet but that which smells of thee.

Fair, Flowry Name, in song but thee

And thy Nectareal fragrance.

Hourly there meets

An universal Synod of all Sweets;

By whom it is defined Thus

That no Perfume

For ever shall presume

To pass for oderiferous,

But such alone whose sacred Pedigree

Can prove it self some kin (Sweet name) to Thee

Sweet Name, in thy each Syllable

A thousand Blest Arabias dwell

A Thousand Hills of Frankincense

Mountains of myrrh, and Beds of Spices

And Ten thousand Paradises

The Soul that tastes thee takes from thence

How many unknown Worlds there are

Of Comforts, which thou hast in keeping!

How many thousand Mercies there

In Pity's soft Lap lie a sleeping

Happy he who has the Art

To awake them

And to take them

Home, and lodge them in his Heart,

O that it were as it was wont to be
 When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee,
 Fought against frowns with smiles, gave Glorious chase
 To persecutions; and against the Face
 Of Death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
 And sober pace march on to meet a Grave,
 On their bold Breasts about the World they bore thee
 And to the Teeth of Hell stood up to reach thee,
 In Center of their inmost souls they wore thee,
 Where Racks and Torments serv'd in vain to reach
 thee.

Little, thus, thought they
 Who tore the fair Breasts of thy Friends,
 Their Fury but made way
 For thee; and serv'd thee in thy Glorious ends,
 What did their weapons but with wider pores
 In large thy flaming breasted bowers
 More freely to transpire

That impatient fire
 The heart that hides thee hardly covers,
 What did their weapons but for wide the door
 For thee: fair purple Doors of Love's dwelling,
 The Ruby windows, which enrich the East
 Of thy so oft repeated Rising,
 Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
 And reinthron'd thee in thy Rosy Nest,
 With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning,
 It was the wit of Love bress'd the bounds
 Of wrath, & made the way through all these wounds,
 Welcome Dear, All-Adored Name

For sure there is no Knee
 That knows not thee
 Or if there be such Sons of Slime,
 Alas what will they do
 When stubborn Rocks shall bow

And Hills bang down their Heav'n saluting Heads

To seek for humble Beds

Of Dust, where in the bashful shades of night

Next to their own low Nothing they may lye,

And couch before the dazeling light of thy dread

Majesty.

They that by Love's mild dictate now

Will not adore thee,

Shall then with just Confusion, bow

And break before thee.

*In the Glorious Epiphany of our Lord God, a
Hymn sung as by the Three Kings.*

1. KING.

BRight Babe, whose awful Beauties make

The morn incur a sweet mistake;

2. For whom th' officious Heav'ns devise

To disinherit the Suns Rise,

3. Delicately to displace

The Day, and plant it fairer in thy Face;

1. O thou born King of Loves,

2. Of Lights,

3. Of Joys.

Cho. Look up, Sweet Babe, look up, and see

For love of thee

Thus far from home

The East is come

To seek her self in thy sweet Eyes.

1. We, who strangely went astray,

Lost in a bright

Meridian night,

2. A Darkness made of too much Day,

L 4

Becken'd

3 Beckon'd from far, and sav'd from all that

By thy fair *Sun*, and golden torch of

Lo at last have found our way.

Cho. To Thee, thou Day of Night; thou *East of West*!

Lo we at last have found the way

To thee, the Worlds great Universal *East*;

The general and indifferent day;

1 All-circling point, All-circling sphere,

The World's *One*, Round, External year.

2 Whose full and all-unwrinkled face

Nor sinks nor swells with time or place;

3 But every where, and every while

Is one constant solid smile;

1 Not vex'd and tost,

2 'Twixt Spring and Frost,

3 Nor by alternate *Shreds of Light*

Sordidly *Shifting* hands with *Shadows* and Night.

Cho. O little all, in thy embrace

The World lies warm, and likes his place;

Nor does his full *Globe* fail to be

Kiss'd on both his Cheeks by thee:

Time is too narrow for thy year,

Nor makes the whole World thy half Sphere.

1 To thee, to thee

From him we flee

2 From him, whom by a mote illustrious eye,

The blindness of the World did call the Eye;

3 To him, who by these mortal Clouds hast made

Thy Self our Sun, though thine own Shade.

2 Farewel, the World's false Light;

Farewel, the white

Egypt, a long farewel to thee

Bright Idol; black Idolatry.

The dire face of inferiour darkness, kist
And courted in the pompous Mask of a more speci-
ous Mist.

2 Farwell, farewell

The proud and misplac't Gates of Hell,
Perch't, in the morning's way
And double-guilded as the doors of Day;
The deep Hypocrisie of Death and Night
More desperately dark, because more bright.

3 Welcome, the World's sure way,

Heav'n's wholesome Ray.

Cho. Welcome to us; and we

Sweet to our selves, in thee

1 The deathless Heir of all thy Fathers day;

2 Decently born

Embosom'd in a much more Rosie Morn,

The Blushes of thy all-humblest Mother.

3 No more that other

Aurora shall set ope

Her Ruby Casements, or hereafter hope

From mortal Eyes

To meet Religious welcomes at her Rise

Cho. We (pretious One) in you have won

A gentler Morn, a juster Sun

1 His superficial Beams Sun-burn't our skin

2 But left within

3 The night and Winter full of Death and Sin

Cho. Thy softer yet more certain Darts

Spare our Eyes, but pierce our Hearts

1 Therefore with his proud Persian spoils

2 We court thy more concerning smiles

3 Therefore with his disgrace

We guild the humble Check of this chaste place;

Cho. And at thy Feet pour forth his Face,

1 The

- 1 The doating Nations now no more
Shall any day but thine adore,
2 Nor (much less) shall they leave these Eyes
For cheap Egyptian Deities.
3 In whatsoe'r more Sacred shape
Of Ram, He-Goat, or Reverend Ape,
Those beauteous ravishers oppress so sore
The too-hard-tempted Nations.
1 Never more
By wanton Heyfer shall be worn
2 A Garland, or a gilded Horn.
The Altar-stall'd Ox, fat Osyris now
With his fair Sister Cow,
3 Shall kick the Clouds no more; but lean and tame,
Cho. See his horn'd Face, and dy for shame,
And *Mist* now shall be no name.
1. No longer shall the immodest Lust
Of adulterous Godles dust
2 Fly in the face of Heav'n; as if it were
The poor World's Fault that he is fair.
3 Nor with perverse Loves and Religious Rapes
Revenge thy Bounties in their beauteous shapes;
And punish best things worst; because they stood
Guilty of being much for them too good.
1 Proud sons of death that durst compel
Heav'n it self to find them Hell;
2 And by strange wild of madness wrest
From this World's East the other's West.
3 All-Idolizing worms, that thus could crowd
And urge their Sun into thy Cloud;
Forcing his sometimes eclips'd face to be
A long deliquium to the light of thee,
Cho. Alas with how much heavier shade

The Shamfac' t Lamp hung down his head,
 For that one Eclipse he made,
 Then all those he suffered

1 For this he lookt so big, and every morn
 With a red face confest this scorn;
 Or hiding his vext cheeks in a hir'd mist
 Kept them from being so unkindly kist

2 It was for this the day did rise

So oft with blubber'd Eyes

For this the Evening wept; and we ne'r knew

But call'd it Dew.

3 This daily wrong

Silenc' t the morning Sons, and damp't their song

Cho. Nor was't our deafness, but our sins, that thus
 Long made th' Harmonious orbs all mute to us.

2 Time has a day in store

When this so proudly poor

And self-oppressed spark, that has so long

By the love-sick World been made

Not so much their Sun as Shade, woe will

Weary of this Glorious wrong,

From them and from himself shall flee

For shelter to the shadow of thy Tree

Cho. Proud to have giv'd this precious loss

And chang'd his false Crown for thy Cross.

2 That dark day's clear doom shall define

Whose is the Master Fire, which Sun would shine;

That sable iudgement-seat shall by new laws

Decide and settle the Great cause

Of controverted light

Cho. And natur's wrongs rejoyce to do thee right.

3 That forfeiture of noon to night shall pay

All the idolatrous Theses done by this night of day;

And the great Penitent press his own pale Lips

With an elaborate Love-eclipse

To

To which the long world's Dawn

Shall send no clouds For that one

Cho. Save those domestick which he borrows

From our sins and his own sorrows

1 Three sad hours sate cloath then shall show to us
His penitence, as our faith conspicuous

2 And he more needfully and nobly prove
The Nation's terror now when erst their love,

3 Their hated loves change'd into whollom fears.

Cho. The shutting of his Eye shall open theirs

2 As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of day

Misled before they lost their way,

So shall they by the seasonable fright

Of an unseasonable night,

Loosing it once again, stumble on true Light,

2 And as before his too bright eye

Was their more blind idolatry,

So his officious Blindness now shall be

Their black, but faithful perspective of thee;

3 His new prodigious night,

Their new and admirable light;

The supernatural Dawn of thy pure day,

While wondering they

(The happy converts now of him

Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)

Shall be his own

To his him only as their rod

Whom they so long counted as God;

Cho. And their best use of him they worship'd be

To learn, of him at last, to worship thee.

2 It was their Weakness woo'd his Beauty;

But it shall be

Their wisdom now, as well as duty,

T' enjoy his Blos; and as a large black Letter
Use it to spel thy Beauties Better;
And make the night it self their torch to thee.
By the oblique ambush of this close night

Conch't in that conscious shade

The right ey'd Areopagite,
Shall with a vigorous quest invade
And catch thy quick reflex; and sharply see

On this dark Ground

To descant thee.

O price of the rich Spirit! with that fierce chase

Of this strong Soul, shall he

Leap at thy lofty Face,

And seize the swift flash, in rebound

From this obsequious Cloud;

Once call'd a Sun;

Till dearly this undone,

Till thus triumphantly cam'd (O ye two)

Twin-Suns!) and taught now to negotiate you.

Thus shall that reverend Child of light,

By being Scholar first of that new night,

Come forth Great Master of the mistick day;

And teach obscure Mankind a more close way

By the frugal negative Light

Of a most wise and well-abused Night,

To read more legible thine original Ray,

And make our darkness serve thy day;

Maintaining 'twixt thy World and ours

A commerce of contrary powers,

A mutual Trade

'T'wixt Sun and Shade,

By confederate Black and White

Borrowing Day and lending Night

Thus

1 Thus we, who when with all the Noble powers
That (at thy cost) are call'd, not vainly, ours;
We vow to make brave way
Upwards; and press on for the pure intelligential prey

2 At left to play
The amorous spies
And peep and proffer at thy sparkling Throne;
3 Instead of bringing in the blissful Prize
And fastning on thine Eyes,
Forfeit our own
And nothing gain
But more ambitious loss, at left of brain;

Chs. Now by abused Lids shall learn to be
Eagles; and shut our Eyes that we may see.

The Close.

Therefore to thee and thine auspicious ray
(Dread sweet!) lo thus
At left by us,

The delegated Eye of Day
Does first his Scepter, then himself in solemn Tri-
bute pay.

Thus he undresses
His sacred unshorn Tresses;
At thy adored Feet, thus, he lays down

1 His gorgeous tire
Of Flame and Fire;
2 His glittering Robe, 3 His sparkling Crown,
3 His Gold, 2 His Mirror, 3 His Frankincence,
Chs. To which he now has no pretence.

For being show'd by this day's light, how far
He is from Sun enough to make thy Star;
His best ambition now, it but to be
Somthing a brighter shadow (Sweet) of thee;

Or on Heav'n's azure forehead high to stand
 Thy Golden Index; with a duteous Hand
 Pointing us home to our own Sun
 The World's and his Hyperion.

To the Queen's Majesty on Twelfth-day.

MADAM,
 'Mongst those long rows of Crowns that guild your
 Race.

These Royal sages sue for decent place.
 The day-break of the Nations; their first ray;
 When the dark World dawn'd into Christian day.
 And smil'd i'th Babes bright face, the purpling Bud
 And Rosy dawn of the right Royal Blood;
 Fair first-fruits of the Lamb; sure Kings in this;
 They took a Kingdom while they gave a kiss,
 But the World's Homage, scarce in these well blown,
 We read in you (Rare Queen) ripe and full grown.
 For from this day's rich seed of Diadems
 Does rise a radiant crop of Royal stems,
 A Golden Harvest of Crown'd heads, that meet
 And crowd for kisses from the Lambs white feet.
 In this illustrious throng, your lofty flood
 Swells high, fair confluence of all highborn Bloud!
 With your bright head whose groves of Scepters bend
 Their wealthy tops; and for these feet contend.
 So swore the Lambs dread Sire, and so we see't,
 Crowns, and the Heads they kiss must court these Feet.
 Fix here fair Majesty! may your heart ne'r miss
 To reap new Crowns and Kingdoms from that kiss;

Nor

Nor may we miss the joy to meet in you
 The aged honors of this day still new.
 May the great time, in you, still greater be
 While all the year is your Epiphany,
 While your each day's Devotion duly brings
 Three Kingdoms to supply this days three Kings.

*The Office of the Holy Cross :
 For the hour of Matins.*

The Versicle.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving Sign,

The Responsory.

Defend us from our Foes and Thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my Lips, O Lord.

Ref. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

Ver. O God make speed to save me.

Ref. O Lord make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father,

and to the Son,

and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,
 world without end, Amen.

THE HYMN.

THe wakeful Maries haste to sing,

The unknown sorrows of our King,

The Father's Word and Wisdom, made

Man, for Man, by Man's betraid :

The world's price set to sale, and by the bold

Merchants of Death and Sin, is bought and sold ;

Of his best Friends (yes of himself) forsaken,

By his worst foes (because he would) besieged and taken.

The

The Antiphon.

All hail, fair Tree.
 Whose Fruit we be.
 What Song shall raise
 Thy seemly praise.
 Who broughtst to light
 Life out of Death, Day out of night.

The Versicle.

Lo, we adore thee,
 Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

The Responsor.

'Cause by the Covenant of thy Cross,
 Thou hast sav'd at once the whole World's souls.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my Soul and thy Judgement, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy Grace and Mercy; to the living and dead; remission and rest; to thy Church peace and concord; to us sinners life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the Unity of the Holy Ghost, one God; world without end, *Amen.*

*For the hour of Prime.**The Versicle.*

Lord by thy sweet and saving Sign.

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my Lips, O Lord.*Ref.* And my mouth shall declare thy praise.*Ver.* O God make speed to save me.*Ref.* O Lord make haste to help me.

Glory be to, &c.

As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

THe early Prime blushes to say
 She could not rise so soon, as they
 Call'd Pilate up, to try if he
 Could lend them any Cruelty.

Their Hands with lashes arm'd, their Tongues with
 lyes,

And loathsome Spittle blot those beauteous Eyes,
 The blisful springs of Joy, from whose all-chearing ray
 The fair Stars fill their wakeful fires, the Sun himself
 drinks day.

The Antiphon.

Victorious Sign

That now dost shine,

Transcrib'd above

Into the Land of Eight and Love;

O let us twine

Our Roots with thine,

That

That we may rise
Upon thy Wings and reach the Skies.

The Versicle.

Lo we adore thee
Dread Lamb, and fall

Thus low before thee

The Responsor.

'Cause by the Covenant of thy Cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God I
interpose, I pray thee, thine own pretious death,
thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my Soul and thy Judge-
ment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouch-
safe to grant me thy Grace and Mercy, to the living
and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church peace
and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting.
Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of
the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end, *Amen.*

The Third.

The Versicle.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving Sign

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my Lips, O Lord,

Ref. And my mouth shall declare thy praise:

Ver. O God make speed to save me.

Ref. O Lord make haste to help me.

Ver. Glory be to, &c.

Ref. As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

THe Third hour's deafen'd with the cry
 Of Crucify him, Crucify.
 So goes the vote (nor ask them, why!)
 Live *Barabbas*! and let God dy.
 But there is wit in wrath, and they will try
 A Hall more cruel then their Crucify,
 For while in sport he wears a spiteful Crown,
 The serious show'rs along his decent Face run sadly
 down.

The Antiphon.
 Christ when he dy'd
 Deceiv'd the Cross,
 And on Death's side
 Threw all the loss.

The captive World awak't, and found
 The Prisoner loose, the Jaylor bound.

The Versicle.

Lo we adore thee
 Dread Lamb, and fall
 Thus low before thee

The Responsor.

'Cause by the Covenant of thy Cross
 Thou hast sav'd at once the whole World's loss

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my Soul and thy Judgement, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy Grace and Mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy Church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting,
 Who

Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity
of the Holy Ghost; one God, world without end,
Amen.

The SIXTH.

The Versicle.

Lord by thy sweet and saving Sign,

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

Res. And my mouth shall declare thy praise,

Ver. O God make speed to save me,

Res. O Lord make haste to help me.

Key. Glory be to, &c.

Res. As it was in, &c.

The HYMN.

NOW is the Noon of sorrow's night;

High in his patience as their spight.

Lo the faint Lamb, with weary Limb

Bears that huge Tree which must bear him,

That fatal Plant so great of Fame

For fruit of sorrow and of shame,

Shall swell with both for him; and mix

All woes into one Crucifix.

Is tortur'd Thirst it self, too sweet a cup?

Gall, and more bitter mocks shall make it up.

Are Nails blunt Pens of superficial smart?

Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to search

the inmost Heart.

The Antiphon.

O dear and sweet dispute
Twixt death's and Love's far different Fruit!
Different as far

As Antidotes and Poisons are.

By that first fatal Tree

Both Life and Liberty

Were sold and slain;

By this they both look up, and live again.

The Versicle.

Lo we adore thee

Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

The Responsary.

'Cause by the covenant of thy Cross.

Thou hast sav'd the World from certain loss.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, son of the living God!
interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious
death, thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and
thy judgement, now and in the hour of my death.
And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to
the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy church
peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory ever-
lasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in
the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world with-
out end. *Amen.*

The

*The NINTH.**The Versicle.*

Lord by thy sweet and saving Sign,

The Responder.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,

Ref. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

Ver. O God make speed to save me,

Ref. O Lord make haste to help me

Glory be to, &c.

As it was in, &c.

The HYMN.

THe Ninth with awful horror hark'ned to those
groans

Which taught attention even to Rocks and Stones.

Hear, Father, hear! thy Lamb (at last) complains

Of some more painful thing than all his pains.

Then bows his all-obedient head, and dies

His own Lov's, and our sin's great Sacrifice.

The Sun saw that; and would have seen no more

The Center shook, her useless veil th' inglorious Tem-
ple tore.

The Antiphon.

O strange mysterious strife

Of open death and hidden life!

When on the cross my King did bleed,

Life seem'd to die, Death dy'd indeed.

The Versicle.

Lo we adore thee

Dread Lamb! and fall

thus low before thee

The

The Responsor.

'Cause by the covenant of thy Cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

The Prayer.

O my Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God !
interpose I pray thee, thine own precious death,
thy Cross and Passion, betwixt my soul and thy judge-
ment, now and in the hour of my death : and vouch-
safe to grant me thy grace and mercy ; to the living
and dead, remission and rest ; to thy Church, peace
and concord ; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting :
who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity
of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end,
Amen.

*THE HYMN.**Even-Song.**The Versicle.*

Lord, by thy sweet and saving Sign

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my Lips, O Lord,

Res. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

Ver. O God make speed to save me.

Res. O Lord make haste to help me.

Ver. Glory be to, &c.

Res. As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

BUt there were Rocks would not relent at this.
Blo, for their own hearts they rend His.

Their

Their deadly hate lives still, and hath
 A wild reserve of wanton wrath;
 Superfluous Spear ! but there's a Heart stands by
 Will look no wounds be lost, no death shall dy.
 Gather now thy grief's ripe fruit, Great Mother-maid !
 Then sit thee down, and sing thy Ev'n-song in the sad
 Trees shade.

The Antiphon.

O sad, sweet Tree !

Woful and joyful we

Both weep and sing in shade of thee,
 When the dear Nails did lock
 And graft into thy gracious Stock

The hope, the health,

The worth, the wealth

Of all the ransom'd World, thou hadst the power
 (In that propitious hour)

To poise each precious Limb,

And prove how light the World was when it weigh'd
 with Him.

Wide maist thou spread

Thine Arms, and with thy bright and blisful head

O'rlook all *Libanus*. Thy lofty crown

The King himself is, thou his humble Throne.

Where yielding, and yet conquering he

Prov'd a new path of patient victory.

When wondring death by death was slain,

And our Captivity his Captive ta'ne.

The Versicle.

Lo we adore thee

Dread Lamb ! and bow thus low before thee ;

The Responsor.

Cause by the covenant of thy Cross

Thou hast sav'd the World from certain loss.

The

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, son of the living, &c.

COMPLINE.*The Versicle.*

Lord by thy sweet and saving Sign.

The Responsor.

Defend us from our foes and thine.

Ver. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.

Ref. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.

Ver. O God make speed to save me.

Ref. O Lord make haste to help me.

Ver. Glory be to thee, &c.

Ref. As it was in, &c.

The HYMN

The Compline hour comes last, to call
Us to our own Live's funeral.

Ah hartless task! yet hope takes head;

And lives in him that here lies dead.

Run, Mary, run! bring hither all the Blest

Arabia, for thy Royal Phenix' nest;

Pour on thy Noblest sweets, which, when they touch

This sweeter Body, shall indeed be such.

But must thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd Grave

Who lendst to all things all the life they have.

O rather use this Heart, thus far a fitter Stone,

'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is thine own.

Amen.

The

The Antiphon.

O save us then
 Merciful King of men!
 Since thou wouldst needs be thus
 A Saviour, and at such a rate, for us;
 Save us, O save us, Lord.
 We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a nar-
 rower word,

Thy blood bids us be bold,
 Thy wounds give us fair hold.
 Thy wounds hide our shame.
 Thy Cross, thy Nature, and thy Name
 Advance our claim
 And cry with one accord,
 Save them, O save them, Lord.

The Versicle.

Lo we adore thee
 Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee.

The Response.

Cause by the covenant of thy Cross,
 Thou hast sav'd the world from certain loss.

The Prayer.

O My Lord Jesu Christ, Son of, &c.

The RECOMMENDATION.

These Hours, and that which hovers o'r my end,
 Into thy Hands, and Heart, Lord, I commend.

Take both to thine account, that I and mine
 In that hour and in these, may be all thine.

That

That as I dedicate my devourest Breath
To make a kind of Life for my Lords Death;

So from his living, and life-giving Death,
My dying Life may draw a new, and never-fleeting
Breath.

VEXILLA REGIS,

The Hymn of the Holy Cross.

Look up, languishing soul! Lo, where the fair
Badge of thy Faith calls back thy care,
And bids thee ne'r forged
Thy Life is one long Debt
Of Love to Him, who on this painful Tree
Paid back the Flesh he took for thee.

Lo, how the streams of Life from that full Nest
Of Loves, thy Lord's too liberal Brest

Flow in an amorous Floud
Of Water wedding Bloud,
With these he wash't thy stain, transfer'd thy smart,
And took it home to his own heart.

3.

But though great Love, greedy of such sad gain
Usurp't the portion of thy pain,

And from the Nails and Spear
Turn'd the steel point of Fear,
Their use is chang'd, not lost; and now they move
Not stings of Wrath, but wounds of Love.

4.

Tall Tree of Life! thy Truth makes good
What was till now ne'r understood,
Though the prophetick King
Struck loud his faithful string.
It was thy wood he meant should make the Throne
For a more then *Salomon*.

5.

Large throne of Love! Royally spread
With purple of too rich a Red.
Thy crime is too much dury;
Thy burthen too much Beauty;
Glorious or grievous more? thus to make good
Thy costly Excellence with thy Kings own Blood.

6.

Even ballance of both Worlds! our World of sin,
And that of Grace Heav'n weigh'd in Him,
Us with our price thou weighedst;
Our price for us thou payedst;
Soon as the right-hand scale rejoyc't to prove
How much Death weigh'd more light then Love.

7.

Hail, our alone Hope! let thy fair Head shoot
Aloft; and fill the Nations with thy Noble fruit.
The

The while our hearts and we
 Thus graft our selves on thee;
 Grow thou and they; and be thy fair increase
 The sinner's pardon and the just man's peace.

Live, O for ever Live and Reign
 The Lamb whom his own Love has slain!
 And let thy lost sheep live t' inherit
 That Kingdom which this Cross did merit. *Amen.*

Charitas Nimia.

Or the dear Bargain.

Lord, what is Man? why should he cost thee
 So dear? what had his ruine lost thee?
 Lord, what is Man? that thou hast over-bought
 So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I see, and can
 Make but a simple Merchant man.
 'Twas for such sorry Merchandise,
 Bold Painters have put out his Eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what wer't to thee
 If there were no such Worms as we?
 Heav'n ne'rtheless still Heav'n would be.
 Should Mankind dwell
 In the deep Hell,
 What have his Woës to do with thee?

Let him go weep
 O'r his own wounds;
 Seraphims will not sleep
 Nor Spears let fall their faithful rounds.

Still

Still would the youthful Spirits sing,
 And still thy spacious Palace ring.
 Still would those beauteous Ministers of Light
 Burn all as bright,

And bow their flaming heads before thee,
 Still Thrones and Dominations would adore thee,
 Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire
 Keep warm thy praise
 Both nights and days,
 And teach thy lov'd name to their Noble Lyre,

Let froward Dust then do its kind;
 And give it self for sport to the proud wind.
 Why should a piece of peevish Clay plead there
 In the Eternity of thy old cares?
 Why shouldst thou bow thy awful Brest to see
 What mine own madnesse have done with me?

Should not the King still keep his Throne
 Because some desperate Fool's undone?
 Or will the World's illustrious Eyes
 Weep for every Worm that dies;

Will the gallant Sun
 E'r the less Glorious run?
 Will he hang down his Golden head
 Or e'r the sooner seek his Western bed,
 Because some foolish Fly
 Grows wanton, and will dye?

If I were lost in misery,
 What was it to thy Heav'n and thee?
 What was it to thy precious blood
 If my foul Heart call'd for a flood?

What

What if my faithless soul and I
 Would needs fall in
 With guilt and sin,
 What did the Lamb that he should dye?
 What did the Lamb that he should need?
 When the Wolf sins, himself to bleed?

If my base Lust,
 Bargain'd with Death and well-beseeming Dust
 Why should the white
 Lamb's bosome write
 The purple name
 Of my sin's shame?

Why should his unstain'd Brest make good
 My blushes with his own heart-blood?

O my Saviour make me see
 How dearly thou hast paid for me

That lost again, my Life may prove
 As then in Death, so now in Love.

Sancta Maria dolorum,
 Or the Mother of sorrows; a Pathetical descant
 upon the devout Plain-song of Stabat Mater
 dolorosa.

IN shade of Deaths sad Tree
 Stood doleful she,
 Ah she! now by no other
 Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's Mother.

Before

Before her Eyes

Her's and the whole World's joys,
Hanging all torn she sees; and in his woes
And Pains, her pangs and throes.
Each wound of his, from every part,
All, more at home in her own heart.

2.

What kind of Marble than
Is that cold man

Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such Noble sorrows company?

Sure even from you

(My Flints) some drops are due

To see so many unkind swords contest

So fast for one soft Brest.

While with a faithful, mutual, flood
Her Eyes bleed Tears, his wounds weep blood.

3.

O costly intercourse

Of deaths, and worse

Divided Loves: while Son and Mother

Discourse alternate wounds to one another;

Quick Deaths that grow

And gather, as they come and go:

His Nails write swords in her, which soon her heart

Pays back, with more than their own smart;

Her swords, still growing with his pain,

Turn Spears, and straight come home again;

N

She

4.

She sees her Son, her God,
Bow with a load
Of borrow'd sins; and swim

In woes that were not made for him.

Ah hard Command
Of Love ! Here must she stand
Charg'd to look on, and with a steadfast Eye

See her life dye :
Leaving her only so much Breath
As serves to keep alive her death.

5.

O Mother Turtle-dove !
Soft source of Love,
That these dry Lids might borrow
Somthing from thy full seas of Sorrow !

O in that Brest
Of thine (the noblest Nest
Both of Love's Fires and Flouds) might I recline
This hard, cold, Heart of mine !
The chil lump would relent, and prove
Soft Subject for the siege of Love.

6.

O teach those wounds to bleed
In me ; me, so to read
This Book of Loves, thus writ
In lines of death, my life may copy it

With

With Loyal cares.

O let me here claim shares;
Yield something in thy sad prerogative
(Great Queen of griefs) and give
Me to my Tears; who, though all stone,
Think much that thou shouldst mourn alone.

7.

Yea let my life and me;
Fix here with thee,
And at the Humble Foot
Of this fair Tree take our Eternal Root.
That so we may
At least be in Loves way;
And in these chaste wars while the wing'd wounds flee
So fast 'twixt him and thee,
My Brest may catch the kiss of some kind Dart,
Though as at second hand, from either Heart.

8.

O you, your own best Darts,
Dear doleful hearts!
Hail; and strike home and make me see
That wounded bosoms their own weapons be.
Come Wounds! come Darts!
Nail'd hands! and pierced hearts!
Come your whole selves, Sorrow's great Son and Mo-
ther.

Nor grudge a younger Brother
Of grief's his portion, who (had all their due)
One single wound should not have left for you.

9.

Shall I set there
 So deep a share
 (Dear wounds) and onely now
 In sorrows draw no dividend with you !

O be more wise,
 If not more soft, mine Eyes !
 Flow, tardy Founts ! and into decent showrs
 Dissolve my Days and Hours.
 And if thou yet (faint soul !) defer
 To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her.

10.

Rich Queen, lend some relief ;
 At least an alms of Grief
 To' a heart who by sad right of sin
 Could prove the whole sum (too sure) due to him.
 By all those stings
 Of Love, sweet bitter things,
 Which these torn hands transcrib'd on thy true Heart,
 O teach mine too, the Art
 To study him so, till we mix
 Wounds, and become one Crucifix

11.

O let me suck the Wine
 So long of this chaste Vine,
 Till, drunk of the dear wounds, I be
 A lost thing to the World, as it to me.

O faithful friend

Of me and of my end !

Fold up my life in Love ; and lay't beneath

My dear Lord's vital death.

Lo, heart, thy hopes whole Plea ! her precious breath

Pow'r'd out in Prayers for thee ; thy Lord's in death.

*The Hymn of St. Thomas, in Adoration of the
Blessed Sacrament.*

With all the pow'rs my poor Heart hath
Of humble Love and Loyal Faith,
Thus low (my hidden life !) I bow to thee
Whom too much Love hath bow'd more low for me,
Down, down, proud sense ! discourses dye,
Keep close, my soul's inquiring Eye !
Nor touch nor taste must look for more,
But each sit still in his own door.

Your Ports are all superfluous here,
Save that which lets in Faith, the Ear.
Faith is my skill ; Faith can believe
As fast as Love new Laws can give.
Faith is my force ; Faith strength affords
To keep pace with those pow'ful words :
And words more sure, more sweet than they
Love could not think, truth could not say.

O let thy wretch find that relief
Thou didst afford the faithful Thief ;
Plead for me, Love ! Alledge and show
That Faith has farther, here, to go,

And less to lean on; because than
 Though hid as God, wounds writ thee Man,
Thomas might touch; none but might see
 At least the suffering side of thee;
 And that too was thy self which thee did cover,
 But here ev'n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet consider then, that I
 Though allow'd not Hand nor Eye,
 To reach at thy lov'd Face; nor can
 Taste thee God, or touch thee Man;
 Both yet believe and witness thee
 My Lord too, and my God, as loud as he.

Help, Lord, my Hope increase;
 And fill my portion in thy peace.
 Give Love for Life, nor let my days
 Grow, but in new pow'rs to name thy Praise.

O dear memorial of that Death
 Which lives still, and allows us Breath!
 Rich, Royal Food! Bountiful Bread!
 Whose use denies us to the Dead;
 Whose vital gust alone can give
 The same leave both to Eat and Live;
 Live ever Bread of Loves, and be
 My Life, my Soul, my farer self to me.

O soft self-wounding Pelican!
 Whose Brest weeps Balm for wounded Man:
 Ah this way bend thy benign Floud
 To a bleeding Heart that gaspes for Blood;
 That Blood, whose least drops sovereign be
 To wash my Worlds of sins from me.

Come

Come Love ! Come Lord ! and that long day
 For which I languish, come away.
 When this dry soul those Eyes shall see,
 And drink the unseal'd fource of thee.
 When Glory's Sun Faith's shade shall chase,
 Then for thy veil give me thy Face, *Amen.*

The Hymn for the Blessed Sacrament.
Lauda Sion Salvatorem.

I.

Rise, Royal *Sion* ! rise and sing
 Thy Soul's kind Shepherd, thy Hearts King.
 Stretch all thy powers; call if you can
 Harps of Heav'n to hands of man,
 This Sovereign subject sits above
 The best ambition of thy Love.

2.

Lo the Bread of Life, this day's
 Triumphant Text, provokes thy praise
 The living and life-giving Bread,
 To the Great Twelve distributed
 When Life himself at point to dy,
 Of Love, was his own Legacy.

3.

Come, Love ! and let us work a Song
 Loud and pleasant, sweet and long ;

Let Lips and Hearts lift high the noise
Of so just and solemn joys,
Which on his white brows this bright day
Shall hence for ever bear away.

4.

To the new Law of a new Lord,
With a new Lamb blesses the Board.
The aged *Pascha* pleads not years
But spies Love's dawn, and disappears.
Types yield to Truths; shades shrink away;
And their Night dyes into our Day.

5.

But lest that dy too, we are bid,
Ever to do what he once did.
And by a mindful, mystick breath,
That we may live, revive his Death;
With a well-blest Bread and Wine
Transum'd, and taught to turn Divine.

6.

The Heav'n-instructed house of Faith
Here a Holy Dictate hath,
That they but lend their Form and Face,
Themselves with reverence leave their place
Nature and Name to be made good
By a Nobler Bread, more needful Blood,

7. Where

7.

Where Nature's Laws no leave will give,
 Bold Faith takes heart, and dares believe
 In different species, name not things
 Himself to me my Saviour brings,
 As Meat in that, as Drink in this;
 But still in both one Christ he is.

8.

The receiving Mouth here makes
 Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.
 Let one, or one Thousand be
 Here Dividers, single he
 Bears home no less, all they no more,
 Nor leave they both less then before.

9.

Though in it self this Sovereign Feast
 Be all the same to every Guest,
 Yet on the same (life-meaning) Bread
 The child of death eats himself dead.
 Nor is't Love's fault, but Sins dire skill
 That thus from Life can Death distil.

10.

When the blest signs thou broke shalt see,
 Hold but thy Faith intire as he,
 Who, howfoe'r clad, cannot come
 Lesse then whole Christ in every crumme.

In

In broken forms a stable Faith
Untouch't her precious Total hath.

Lo the Life-food of Angels then
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men !
The Childrens Bread ; the Bridegroom's Wine,
Not to be cast to Dogs or Swine.

12.

Lo, the full, final, Sacrifice
On which all Figures fix't their Eyes,
The ransom'd *Isack*, and his Ram ;
The *Manna*, and the *Paschal Lamb*.

13.

Jesu, Master, Just and true !
Our Food, and faithful Shepherd too !
O by thy self vouchsafe to keep,
As with thy self thou feedst thy sheep.

14.

O let that Love which thus makes thee
Mix with our low Mortality,
Lift our lean Souls, and set us up
Convictors of thine own full cup,
Coheirs of Saints, that so all may
Drink the same Wine ; and the same Way.
Nor change the Pasture, but the Place,
To feed of Thee in thine own Face. *Amen*.

The

*The HYMN.**Dies iræ dies illa.**In Meditation of the day of Judgment.*

1.

HEars't thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp Ray
The World in Flames shall fly away.

2.

O that fire! before whose face
Heav'n and Earth shall find no place:
O these Eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread Night.

3.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An Even round with th' circling Sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

4.

Horror of Nature, Hell and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry we come, we come, and all
The Caves of Night answer one call.

5. O

5.

O that Book ! whose Leaves so bright
Will set the World in severe Light.
O that Judge ! whose Hand, whose Eye
None can endure ; yet none can fly.

6.

Ah then, poor Soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what Patron chuse to pray?
When Stars themselves shall stagger ; and
The most firm Foot no more then stand.

7.

But thou giv'st leave (dread Lord) that we
Take shelter from thy self in Thee ;
And with the wings of thine own Dove
Fly to thy Scepter of soft Love.

8.

Dear, remember in that day
Who was the cause thou cam'st this way.
Thy sheep was stray'd , and thou wouldst be
Even lost thy self in seeking me.

9.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of Love, and ev'n that loss, be lost?
And this lov'd soul, judg'd worth no less
Then all that way and weariness?

10. Just

10.

Just Mercy then, thy reck'ning be
 With my price, and not with me;
 'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
 To be paid twice, or once in vain.

11.

Mercy (my Judge.) Mercy I cry
 With blushing Cheek and bleeding Eye,
 The conscious Colours of my sin
 Are Red without and pale within.

12.

O let thine own soft Bowells pay
 Thy self; and so discharge that day,
 If sin can sigh, Love can forgive.
 O say the word, my Soul shall live.

13.

Those Mercies which thy *Mary* found
 Or who thy Cross confest and Crown'd,
 Hope tells my heart, the same Loves be
 Still alive and still for me.

14.

Though both my Prays and Tears combine,
 Both worthless are; for they are mine.
 But thou thy bounteous self still be;
 And show thou art, by saving me.

OF 15.

O when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let come ye *Blessed* then call me.

16.

When the dread *Ite* shall divide
Those Limbs of death from thy left side,
Let those Life-speaking Lips command
That I inherit thy right hand.

17.

O hear a suppliant heart; all crush'd
And crumbled into contrite dust,
My hope, my fear! my Judge, my Friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end.

The HYMN.

O Gloriosa Domina,

HAil, most High, most humble one!
Above the World; below thy Son
Whose blush the Moon-beauteously marres
And stains the rimerous light of Stars,
He that made all things had not done
Till he had made himself thy Son.
The whole World's host would be thy guest
And board himself at thy rich Brest,

O boundless Hospitality !

The Feast of all things feeds on thee.

The first *Eve*, Mother of our Fall,

E'r she bore any one, slew all.

Of her unkind gift might we have

The inheritance of a hasty Grave ;

Quick buried in the wanton Tomb

Of one forbidden bit ;

Had not a better Fruit forbidden it.

Had not thy healthful womb

The Worlds new *Eastern* window been

And given us Heav'n again in giving him.

Thine was the Rosy Dawn that sprung the Day

Which renders all the Stars she stole away.

Let then the aged World be wise, and all

Prove Nobly, here, unnatural :

'Tis gratitude to forget that other

And call the Maiden *Eve* their Mother.

Ye redeem'd Nations far and Near,

Applaud your happy selves in her,

(All you to whom this Love belongs)

And keep't alive with lasting songs.

Let Hearts and Lips speak loud, and say,

Hail, door of Life, and source of Day !

The Door was shut, the Fountain seal'd ;

Yet Light was seen and Life reveal'd ;

The Fountain seal'd, yet Life found way.

Glory to thee, great Virgin's son

In bosom of thy Fathers bliss.

The same to thee, sweet Spirit be done ;

As ever shall be, was, and is, *Amen.*

*The Flaming Heart, upon the Book and Picture of
the Seraphical Saint Teresa, as she is
usually expressed with a Seraphim
beside her.*

WELL meaning Readers! you that come as
friends

And catch the precious name this piece pretends;

Make not too much haste t' admire

That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire,

That is a Seraphim, they say

And this the great *Teresa*.

Readers be rul'd by me; and make

Here a well-plac'd and wise mistake;

You must transpose the picture quite;

And spell it wrong to read it right;

Read *Him* for *Her*, and *Her* for *Him*;

And call the Saint the Seraphim.

Painter, what didst thou understand

To put her Dart into his hand!

See, even the years and size of him

Shows this the Mother Seraphim.

This is the Mistress flame; and duteous he

Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see:

O most poor-spirited of men!

Had thy cold Pencil kiss'd her Pen,

Thou couldst not so unkindly err.

To show us this faint shade for her.

Why Man, this speck pure mortal frame;
 And mocks with female Frost, Love's manly flame,
 One would suspect thou meantst to print
 Some weak, inferiour, Woman Saint.
 But had thy pale-fac't purple took
 Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright Book
 Thou wouldst, on her have heapt up all
 That could be found Seraphical;
 What e'r this youth of fire wears fair,
 Rosie Fingers, Radiant Hair,
 Glowing Cheek, and glistening Wings,
 All those fair and fragrant things,
 But before all, that fiery Dart
 Had fill'd the Hand of this great Heart.

Do then as equal right requires,
 Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires;
 Resume and rectify thy rude design;
 Undress thy Seraphim into Mine.
 Redeem this injury of thy Art;
 Give him the Vail, give her the Dart.

Give him the vail; that he may cover
 The red Cheeks of a rivall'd Lover;
 Asham'd that our worl'd, now, can show
 Nests of new Seraphims here below:

Give her the Dart for it is she
 (Fair youth) shoots both thy shaft and Thee!
 Say, all ye wise and well-pierc'd hearts
 That live and dy amidst her Darts,
 What is't your tastful spirits do prove
 In that rare life of her, and Love?
 Say and bear witness, Sends she not
 A Seraphim at every shot?
 What Magazins of immortal Arms there shine,
 Heav'n's great Artillery in each love-spun line.

Give then the Dart to her who gives the flame ;
Give him the veil, who gives the shame.

But if it be the frequent fate
Of worst faults to be fortunate ;
If all's prescription ; and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble song ;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suffering Seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things.
The glowing Cheeks, the glistering wings ;
The Rosic hand, the radiant Dart ;
Leave her alone the Flaming Heart.

Leave her that ; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft but Love's whole Quiver.
For in Love's Field was never found
A Nobler weapon then a wound.
Love's Passives are his Activ'st part ;
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O Heart / the equal poise of Love's both parts,
Big alike with Wounds and Darts ;
Live in these conquering Leave's ; Live all the same ;
And walk through all Tongues one Triumphant flame ;
Live here, great Heart ; and love, and dye, and kill ;
And bleed and wound, and yield, and conquer still.
Let this immortal Life where e'r it comes
Walk in a crond of Loves and Martyrdomes.
Let mystick Deaths wait on't ; and wise souls be
The Love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary ! shew here thy Art,
Upon this Carcass of a hard cold Heart ;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of Light, that play
Among the Leaves of thy large Books of day,
Combin'd against this Brest at once break in
And take away from me my self and sin ;

This Gracious Robbery shall thy bounty be;
 And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
 O thou undaunted Daughter of Desires;
 By all thy Dow'r of Lights and Fires;
 By all the Eagle in thee, all the Dove;
 By all thy Lives and Deaths of Love;
 By thy large draughts of intellectual day;
 And by thy thirsts of Love more large than they;
 By all thy brim-fill'd Bowls of fierce desire;
 By thy last mornings draught of liquid Fire;
 By the full Kingdom of that final kiss
 That seiz'd thy parting Soul, and seal'd thee his;
 By all the Heav'ns thou hast in him
 (Fair Sister of the Seraphim)
 By all of Him we have in Thee;
 Leave nothing of my Self in me.
 Let me so read thy life, that I
 Unto all life of mine may dy.

A Song.

LOrd, when the sense of thy sweet Grace
 Sends up my Soul to seek thy Face.
 Thy Blessed Eyes breed such desire,
 I dye in Love's delicious Fire.

O Love, I am thy Sacrifice,
 Be still Triumphant, Blessed Eyes
 Still shine on me, fair Suns, that I
 Still may behold, though still I dye.

Second part.

Though still I dye, I live again;
 Still longing so to be still slain,

So gainful is such loss of breath,
 I dye even in desire of death.
 Still live in me this loving strife
 Of living Death and dying Life.
 For while thou sweetly slayest me,
 Dead to my self, I live in thee.

*To Mistresses M. R. Council concerning
 her Choise.*

Dear, Heav'n-designed Soul I
 Amongst the rest
 Of Suiters that besiege your Maiden brest,
 Why may not I
 My fortune try
 And venture to speak one good word
 Not for my self, alas! but for my dearer Lord;
 You've seen already in this lower sphear
 Of Froth and Bubbles, what to look for here.
 Say, gentle Soul, what can you find
 But painted shapes,
 Peacocks and Apes,
 Illustrious Flies,
 Guilded Dunghils, Glorious Lyes,
 Goodly surmises
 And deep disguises,
 Oaths of Water, Words of Wind?
 Truth bids me say, 'tis time you cease to Trust
 Your Soul to any son of Dust.
 'Tis time you listen to a braver Love,
 Which from above
 Calls you up higher,

And

And bids you come
And choose your room
Among his own fair sons of fire,
Where you among
The Golden throng
That watches at his Palace doors
May pass along
And follow those fair Stars of yours;
Stars much too fair and pure to wait upon
The false smiles of a sublunary Sun.
Sweet, let me Prophesie that at last 'twill prove
Your wary Love
Lays up his purer and more precious vows,
And means them for a far more worthy Spouse
Then this world of Lies can give you,
Ev'n for him with whom nor cost,
Nor love, nor labour can be lost;
Him who never, will deceive you.
Let not my Lord, the Mighty Lover
Of souls, disdain that I discover
The hidden Art
Of his high stratagem to win your heart,
It was his Heav'nly Art
Kindly to cross you
In your mistaken Love,
That, at the next remove
Thence he might toss you,
And strike your troubled heart
Home to himself; to hide it in his Brest
The bright ambrosial Nest,
Of Love, of Life, and everlasting Rest.
Happy mistake!
That thus shall wake
Your wise soul, never to be won
Now with a love below the Sun,

Your

Your first choise fails, O when you choose agen,
May it not be among the sons of men.

ALEXIAS.

*The Complaint of the forsaken wife
of Saint Alexis.*

The First ELEGY.

ILate the Roman Youth's lov'd praise and pride,
Whom long none could obtain, though thousands
try'd,

Lo here am left (alas,) For my lost mate
T' embrace my Tears, and kiss an unkind Fate.

Sure in my early woes Stars were at strife,
And try'd to make a Widow e'r a Wife.

Nor can I tell (and this new Tears doth breed)

In what strange path my Lord's fair footsteps bleed.

O knew I where he wander'd, I should see

Some solace in my sorrow's certainty;

I'd send my woes in words should weep for me.

(Who knows how powerful well-writ pray'rs would be)

Sending's too slow a word, my self would fly :

Who knows my own heart's woes so well as I ?

But how shall I steal hence ? *Alexis* thou,

Ah thou thy self; alas, has taught me how.

Love too, that leads thee, would lend thee the wings

To bear me harmless through the hardest things :

And where Love lends the wing, and leads the way,

What dangers can there be dare say me nay ?

If I be shipwrack'd, Love shall teach to swim ;

If drown'd, sweet is the death indur'd for him ;

The

The noted sea shall change his name with me,
 I, 'mongst the blest Stars a new name shall be;
 And sure where Lovers make their watry Graves,
 The weeping Mariner will augment the waves.
 For who so hard, but passing by that way
 Will take acquaintance of my woes, and say,
 Here't was the Roman Maid found a hard fate
 While through the world she sought her wandring
 Mate;

Here perisht she, poor heart; Heav'ns, be my vows
 As true to me, as she was to her Spouse.
 O live, so rare a love! live! and in thee
 The too frail life of femal constancy.
 Farewel and shine, fair soul, shine there above
 Firm in thy Crown, as here fast in thy Love.
 There thy lost fugitive thou hast found at last;
 Be happy; and for ever hold him fast.

Fifth
 The ~~Second~~ ELEGY.

THough all the Joys I had fled hence with thee,
 Unkind! yet are my Tears still true to me;
 I'm wedded o'r again since thou art gone,
 Nor couldst thou, cruel, leave me quite alone
 Alexis's Widdow now is sorrow's wife,
 With him shall I weep out my weary life.
 Welcome my sad sweet Mate! Now have I got
 At last a constant Love that leaves me not.
 Firm he, as thou art false, nor need my crys
 Thus vex the Earth, and tear the Skies.
 For him, alas, ne'r shall I need to be
 Troublesome to the World, thus, as for thee,

For thee I talk to Trees; with silent Groves
 Expostulate my woes and much-wrong'd loves.
 Hills and relentless Rocks, or if there be
 Things that in hardness more allude to thee;
 To these I talk in Tears, and tell my pain;
 And answer too for them in Tears again.
 How oft have I wept out the weary Sun?
 My watry hour-Glass hath old time out-run.
 O, I am Learned grown, poor Love and I
 Have studied over all Astrology.
 I'm perfect in Heav'n's state, with every Star
 My skilful grief is grown familiar.
 Rise, fairest of those fires; what e'r thou be
 Whose Rosie beam shall point my Sun to me;
 Such as the Sacred Light that e'r'st did bring
 The Eastern Princes to their infant King.
 O rise, pure Lamp! and lend thy Golden ray
 That wary Love at last may find his way.

Second
 The ~~First~~ ELEGY.

RIch, churlish Land! that hid'st so long in thee,
 My Treasures, rich, alas, by robbing me.
 Needs must my Miseries owe that man a spite
 Who e'r he be was the first wandring Knight.
 O had he ne'r been at that cruel cost
 Nature's Virginity had ne'r been lost.
 Seas had not been rebuk't by saucy Oars
 But lain lock't up safe in their sacred shores
 Men had not spurn'd at Mountains; nor made wars
 With Rocks; nor bold hands struck the World's strong
 bars,

Nor

Nor lost in too large bounds, our little *Rome*
Full sweetly with it self had dwelt at home.
My poor *Alexis*, then in peaceful life,
Had under some low roof lov'd his plain wife;
But now, ah me, from where he has no foes
He flies; and into wilful exile goes.
Cruel return or tell the reason why
Thy dearest Parents have deserv'd to dye;
And I, what is my crime I cannot tell,
Unless it be a crime t' have lov'd too well.
If Heats of Holier Love and high Desire
Make big thy fair Brest with immortal Fire,
What needs my virgin Lord fly thus from me,
Who only wish his virgin Wife to be?
Witness, chaste Heav'ns! no happier vows I know
Then to a virgin Grave untouch't to goe.
Love's truest knot by *Venus* is not ty'd;
Nor do embraces only make a Bride.
The Queen of Angels, (and men chaste as you)
Was Maiden-Wife, and Maiden-Mother too.
Cecilia, Glory of her Name and Blood
With happy gain her Maiden vows made good.
The lusty Bridegroom made approach, young man,
Take heed (said she) take heed *Valerian*;
My bosome Guard, a Spirit great and strong,
Stands arm'd to shield me from all wanton wrong.
My Chastity is Sacred; and my Sleep
Wakeful, her dear vows undefil'd to keep.
Pallas bears Arms, forsooth, and should there be
No fortress built for true Virginity?
No gaping Gorgon this, none like the rest
Of your learn'd Lyes: here you'll find no such jest.
I'm yours, O were my God, my Christ so too,
I'd know no name of Love on Earth but you.

He yields, and straight Baptiz'd, obtains the Grace
 To gaze on the fair souldier's Glorious face.
 Both mixt at last their Blood in one rich Bed
 Of Rosie Martydome, twice Married.
 O burn our *Hymen* bright in such high Flame,
 Thy Torch, terrestrial Love, has here no name.
 How sweet the mutual yoke of Man and Wife,
 When Holy fires maintain Love's Heav'nly life !
 But I, (so help me Heav'n my hopes to see)
 When Thousands sought my Love, lov'd none but
 Thee.

Still, as their vain Tears my firm vows did try,
Alexis, he alone is mine (said I)
 Half true, alas, half false, proves that poor Line,
Alexis is alone; but is not mine.

Description of a Religious House and condition of Life.

(Out of *BARCLAY.*)

NO roofs of Gold o'r riotous Tables shining,
 Whole Days and Suns devour'd with endless
 Dining;

No Sails of Tyrian Silk proud pavements sweeping;
 Nor ivory couches costlier slumbers keeping;
 False Lights of flaring Gems; tumultuous joys;
 Halls full of flattering Men and frisking Boys;
 Whate'r false shows of short and slippery good
 Mix the mad sons of Men in mutual blood.

But Walks and unshorn Woods; and Souls, just so
 Unforc't and genuine; but not shady tho:

Our Lodgings hard and homely as our Fare,
 That Chaste and Cheap, as the few Clothes we wear.
 Those

Those course and negligent, as the natural Locks
Of these loose Groves, rough as th' unpolisht Rocks.
A hasty portion of prescribed sleep ;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep,
And Sing, and Sigh, and Work, and Sleep again ;
Still rowling a round Sphear of still-returning pain,
Hands full of hearty labours, do much, that more
they may,
And work for work, not wages ; let to morrows
New drops wash off the sweat of this days sorrows.
A long and daily dying-life, which breaths
A respiration of reviving deaths,
But neither are there those ignoble stings
That nip the bosome of the World's best things
And lash Earth-laboring souls,
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake ; as things too wise for sleep :
But Reverent Discipline, and Religious Fear,
And soft obedience find sweet bidding here ;
Silence, and sacred Rest ; Peace, and pure joys ;
Kind Loves keep house, lie close, and make no noise,
And room enough for Monarchs while none swels
Beyond the Kingdoms of contentful Cels.
The self-remembering Soul sweetly recovers
Her kindred with the Stars ; not basely hovers
Below ; but meditates her immortal way
Home to the original source of Light and intellectual
Day.

Deaths

Deaths Lecture, the Funeral of a young Gentleman.

DEAR Reliques of a dislodg'd Soul, whose lack
 Makes many a mourning Paper put on black !
 O stay a while e'r thou draw in thy head
 And wind thy self up close in thy cold bed.
 Stay but a little while until I call
 A summons worthy of thy Funeral ;
 Come then, Youth, Beauty and Blood ;
 All the soft pow'rs
 Whose Silken flatteries swell a few fond hours
 Into a false Eternity. Come man ;
 Hyperbolized Nothing ! know thy span ;
 Take thine own measure here, down, down, and bow
 Before thy self in thine Idea ; thou
 Huge emptiness ! contract thy self, and shrink
 All thy wild Circle to a point, O sink
 Lower and lower yet ; till thy lean size
 Call Heav'n to look on thee with narrow Eyes ;
 Lesser and lesser yet ; till thou begin
 To show a Face, fit to confess thy Kin,
 Thy Neighbourhood to Nothing.
 Proud Looks, and lofty Eye-lids, here put on
 Your selves in your unsaig'n'd reflexion,
 Here, gallant Ladies ; this impartial Glasse
 (Though you be painted) shows you your true face :
 These death-seal'd Lips are they dare give the lye
 To the loud boasts of poor Mortality :
 These Curtain'd windows, this retired Eye
 Out-stares the Lids of large-look't Tiranny :

This

This posture is the brave one, this that lies
 Thus low, stands up (methinks) thus and defies
 The World; all-daring Dust and Ashes! only you
 Of all interpreters read Nature true.

*Temperance, or the cheap Physitian upon
 the Translation of Lessius.*

Goe now; and with some daring drug
 Bait thy disease, and whilst they tug,
 Thou to maintain their pretious strife
 Spend the dear Treasures of thy life.
 Goe take Physick, doat upon
 Some big-nam'd Composition,
 Th' Oraculous Doctors mystick Bills;
 Certain hard Words made into Pills,
 And what at last shal't gain by these?
 Only a costlier disease,
 That which makes us have no need
 Of Physick, that's Physick indeed.
 Hark hither, Reader, wilt thou see
 Nature her own Physitian be?
 Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
 His own Musick, his own Health;
 A man whose sober soul cantell
 How to wear her Garments well,
 Her Garments, that upon her sit
 As Garments should do close and fit;
 A well-cloth'd soul that's not oppress'd
 Nor choak't with what she should be dress'd.
 A soul-sheath'd in a Christal shrine;
 Through which all her bright features shine;

As

As when a piece of wanton Lawn,
 A thin aerial veil, is drawn
 O'er beauties face, seeming to hide,
 More sweetly shows the blushing bride.
 A soul, whose intellectual beams
 No Mists do Mask, no Lazy steams,
 A happy soul, that all the way
 To Heav'n rides in a Summers day.
 Would'st see a man, whose well-warm'd Blood
 Baths him in a genuine Flood!
 A man whose tuned humours be
 A seat of rarest harmony?
 Would'st see blith looks, fresh Cheeks beguile
 Age? would'st see *December* smile?
 Would'st see Nests of new Roses grow
 In a bed of reverend Snow?
 Warm Thoughts, free Spirits flattering
 Winter's self into a Spring.
 In summe, would'st see a man that can
 Live to be old, and still a man?
 Whose latest and most leaden hours
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
 And when Life's sweet Fable ends,
 Soul and Body part like friends;
 No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
 A kiss, a Sigh, and so away.
 This rare one, Reader, would'st thou see?
 Hark hither, and thy self be he.

FINIS.

